

Catholic Digest

JULY 1956

35¢



***Punish Parents
of Delinquents?***

PLAYED

All his life he
to write about

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How Important Is the Negro-White Problem?

Second of a series of articles on the Catholic Digest survey of the race problem in the U.S.

A NETWORK OF GIGANTIC problems has made our age the Age of Anxiety. The atom bomb, the cold war, juvenile delinquency, inflation, labor troubles, and racial antagonism have cast heavy shadows across men's minds.

As announced last month, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has completed a survey of public attitudes on one problem that is especially pressing in the U.S. at present: the race problem.

One of the first things the editors wished to know was just how important the Negro-White problem is to you and to your neighbors. How does it compare in importance with some of the other national problems?

Therefore, early in each survey interview—before the race question had been brought up at all—this question was asked: "What do you think are the biggest problems in the U.S. today?"

It was found that the race problem takes precedence, in public thinking, over the atom bomb, international hostility, juvenile de-

linquency, or any other problem. It is the most frequently mentioned problem in the U.S. today.

White people in the North speak of the Negro-White problem slightly less often than they do of juvenile delinquency. But southern whites and both southern and northern Negroes give much the highest mention to the race problem.

North and South, whites and Negroes combined, the Negro-White problem is mentioned by 45% of those interviewed, juvenile delinquency by 36%, and the atom bomb or cold war by 32%.

Of course, the expression "Negro-White problem" means different things to different people. The most frequently heard criticism of the questionnaire used in the survey is that it appeared to be asking about only one problem where a great many problems exist.

Neither the questionnaire nor the interviewer attempted to define the problem (or problems). Instead, each person was encouraged to talk about the matter in

whatever form he visualized it. The question was put this way: "What would you say the Negro-White problem is today? How would you describe the problem? What else is there to the problem?"

Answers showed that it had been wise not to attempt a uniform definition. While more than half of the northern whites and of Negroes in both sections think of the problem in terms of whites' prejudice, fear, and hatred (and the resulting discrimination and inequality), only about a fourth of southern whites would accept a definition along those lines.

Nearly half of the southern whites think that the real problem is desegregation.

But in both the North and the South various other overlapping descriptions of the problem are encountered: "educational inequality," "lack of understanding," "different standards and morals," "agitation," "political issues."

As might be expected, the obstacles people see to solving the problem are as many and as diverse as their concepts of the problem. About 20 obstacles were suggested in response to the question: "What would you say seems to be standing most in the way of solving the Negro-White problem today?"

Prejudice is the obstacle named by most people, even among the southern whites. But in the opinion of Negroes and northern whites, the southern whites themselves are

the second most serious obstacle. Among southern whites, although 24% regard "prejudice" as the major difficulty, 14% think that it is mainly desegregation that blocks a solution of the Negro-White problem, and 10% say that it is "agitation and publicity."

Since it is often asserted in discussions of racial questions that special groups have magnified the importance of the problem, interviewers asked each person this question: "Do you think of any people or groups of people who may be trying to make the Negro-White problem seem worse than it actually is?"

Almost half the people do not accuse any special group of overemphasizing the problem. *But almost every group that might conceivably have any interest in the problem is named by someone as trying to magnify its importance.*

Southern whites accused the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People most often; many of them also blame communists and Russians. Negroes blame southern whites, officials and politicians, and organizations like the Ku Klux Klan and the Citizens' Councils.

Whether they think that the problem has been magnified or not, most people, white and Negro, look upon the race problem as a difficult one to solve. In response to the question: "Do you think the Negro-White problem is an easy

Question: What do you think are the biggest problems in the U.S. today?

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Negro-White, racial.....	36%	56%	79%	77%
Juvenile delinquency.....	40	33	27	11
Atom bomb or cold war.....	36	29	12	9
School needs.....	20	19	14	12
Living costs, inflation.....	19	14	15	11
Crime.....	19	14	9	8
Taxes.....	17	16	17	6
Unemployment.....	9	5	14	7
Housing.....	6	2	18	3
Strikes.....	5	6	3	1
Other mentions.....	16	10	4	4
Don't know.....	4	3	5	5

(Percentages here and in some other tables add to more than 100 because of multiple answers.)

Question: What would you say the Negro-White problem is today? How would you describe the problem? What else is there to the problem?

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Whites' prejudice, fear, hatred.....	34%	10%	34%	32%
Discrimination, inequality.....	23	14	27	21
Desegregation.....	12	47	1	1
Segregation.....	13	1	11	17
Negroes' prejudice, fear, hatred.....	9	4	9	7
Educational inequality.....	8	10	6	7
Lack of understanding.....	7	8	11	9
Economic inequality.....	6	3	10	12
Different standards, morals.....	2	4	*	—
Agitation.....	1	3	—	*
Political issues.....	*	3	—	*
Other mentions.....	4	9	5	2
No problem.....	3	2	1	—
Don't know.....	14	9	17	28

*Less than 1/2%.

Question: What would you say seems to be standing most in the way of solving the Negro-White problem today?

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Prejudice, fear, misunderstanding.....	39%	24%	34%	32%
Southern whites, the South.....	14	2	12	11
Negroes' attitudes, actions.....	5	7	4	1
Exploiters (politicians, writers, etc.).....	3	6	3	6
Inequality, discrimination.....	4	1	8	5
Older people.....	3	1	6	7
Desegregation.....	1	14	—	—
Segregation.....	3	2	4	5
Economic conditions.....	2	*	1	*
Agitation, publicity.....	1	10	*	1
NAACP.....	—	7	*	—
White people.....	1	*	2	7
Forcing the issue.....	1	—	*	—
Lack of Christianity.....	*	1	3	1
Other mentions.....	4	3	8	7
Don't know.....	28	30	24	26

Question: Do you think of any people or groups of people who may be trying to make the Negro-White problem seem worse than it actually is? Who?

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
No, nobody, everybody, all whites, all Negroes.....	47%	37%	48%	47%
Southern whites.....	16	2	12	12
Politicians, officials.....	8	11	5	13
Communists, Russians.....	7	13	5	4
NAACP, Urban League.....	3	19	1	1
Citizens' Councils, KKK, NAAWP.....	4	1	13	9
Agitators.....	1	2	3	2
Northern whites.....	—	3	*	—
Northern Negroes.....	*	1	*	*
Teachers, schools.....	1	1	*	*
Ministers, churches.....	*	1	—	*
Rich whites.....	*	1	*	*
Poor whites.....	—	—	1	1
Unidentified types.....	9	7	9	12
Other mentions.....	1	4	3	7
Don't know.....	8	9	7	6

Question: What do you think would show most people that the Negro-White problem had been solved?

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Complete desegregation.....	16%	3%	22%	17%
Full equality, rights.....	12	6	26	24
No notice of race, full acceptance.....	10	8	8	7
Peace, understanding.....	8	6	9	11
Combined schools.....	9	2	5	5
Complete segregation.....	3	11	*	*
Equal educations.....	3	3	3	1
Political equality.....	2	*	1	2
Adoption of white standards.....	1	1	—	*
Other mentions.....	3	5	4	5
Won't be, hasn't been solved.....	4	7	2	3
Don't know.....	43	56	34	42

problem to solve or a hard one?" the answer "hard problem" was given by 86% of the northern whites; 88% of the southern whites; 81% of the northern Negroes; and 72% of the southern Negroes.

Negroes, however, are much more inclined than whites (especially southern whites) to think that progress is being made toward a solution.

Perhaps the Negroes' optimism springs from their keen awareness

of the great forward strides Negroes have made in recent years. Whatever the reason, about four Negroes in every five think we are approaching a solution of the problem. Only about half of the northern whites and a third of the southern whites would agree. Substantial proportions of the whites think, on the contrary, that ground is now being lost.

Here is the way people answered the question: "Do you think we

are getting nearer to solving the Negro-White problem or farther from solving it?"

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Nearer	49%	31%	74%	82%
Neither	15	15	9	5
Farther	24	43	11	9
No opinion	12	11	6	4

In both North and South, the people who most often say that the solution is getting farther away are the most prejudiced whites and the segregationists.

About a third of the whites interviewed think that the problem will never be solved. But only a tenth of the Negroes take so somber a view. To the question: "Do you think the Negro-White problem will ever be solved?" the following results were obtained.

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Yes	50%	48%	79%	85%
No	35	33	12	8
Don't know	15	19	11	7

Those who said that the problem will be solved were then asked how many years they thought the solution would take. The median estimate from northern whites was 27 years; from southern whites, 16 years; from northern Negroes, 23 years; from southern Negroes, ten years.

It is clear from this that both in their confidence that the problem will be solved and their prediction of a fairly rapid solution, Negroes in the South show higher optimism

about the matter than the other groups do.

But how will either Negroes or whites *know* when the problem is solved? When will the problem cease to be regarded as a problem? When integration has taken place in all the schools? When full social integration has been attained? When no newspaper in the country will go out of its way to specify that a man is a Negro? When the item "Race" will no longer accompany "Age" and "Sex" on application forms?

We have seen that people disagree about the nature of the race problem and about its causes. They also disagree about how to recognize a solution. Many people have never really thought the matter through.

Some of those concerned with Negro-White relations would settle for elimination of the most apparent manifestations of the problem. Some would accept situations that others think would only perpetuate the problem.

Some would not be satisfied until all prejudice was banished.

The question, "What do you think would show most people that the Negro-White problem had been solved?" proved to be a very difficult one for most people to answer. They evidently had never considered the idea before. Yet it is obviously a most important question.

How, for example, are such or-

ganizations as the NAACP and the Citizens' Councils to know when their work is done?

The fact is that one man's solu-

tion would be another man's vexation. The problem will not be fully solved until everyone is reasonably satisfied.

ABOUT THIS SURVEY

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey is the first comprehensive study of public attitudes toward suggested solutions to the racial problem in the U.S. Earlier investigations examined only forms and degrees of prejudice. THE DIGEST research was done and is being reported during a period when the Negro-White problem is national news, and as attempts are being made to implement or to circumvent the historic ruling against segregated schools handed down by unanimous decision of the U.S. Supreme court May 17, 1955.

The editors of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST and their research agency, Ben Gaffin and Associates, Inc., believe that objective reporting of areas of agreement and disagreement on proposed solutions between white and Negro, North and South, should in itself contribute toward solving the problem.

This report is based upon 2,000 personal interviews made during December, 1955, and January and February, 1956. It might be thought of as four equal-sized surveys, since 500 interviews each were made with representative cross sections of whites in the

North, whites in the South, Negroes in the North and Negroes in the South. Within each of the four groups, equal numbers of men and women were included. Each sample was controlled also by age, by census region, and by city size, including correct proportions of rural non-farm and rural farm dwellers.

When reference is made in the report to whites North and South combined or to Negroes as a whole, the percentages are weighted to take account of the fact that there are about three times as many whites in the North as in the South and twice as many Negroes in the South as in the North.

The same questions were asked in identical wordings in all the 2,000 interviews. The questions were developed from a variety of sources—conferences with experts in race relations, literature on the subject, tape recordings of all-white and all-Negro group discussions, and intensive interviews with individuals of both races. All these preliminary efforts were directed toward uncovering suggested solutions to the racial problem so that no important idea might be overlooked in the final questionnaire.



the Open Door

I was a Catholic girl in a predominantly Protestant English town, where I was a member of a

Sunday hiking club. Invariably, we could not start on our outings early enough, because I had to wait for Mass at 10 o'clock. I used to tell the others not to wait, but, with friendly grumbling, they would.

John was rather serious-minded. He began to wonder what the Catholic Church had, that it could hold up a whole group while one girl went to Mass. No one else worried about missing church. One day, he asked me to take him along to Mass.

He came again and again, and to Benediction, and read every book he could lay hands on. Eventually, he took instructions, became a Catholic, and married me. After six years, he died a very happy death. Our daughter is now a nun, and we have hopes that John's mother may become a Catholic.

Helena Connolly.

The fact that THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has an "Open Door" department brought my neighbor into the Church. I said to her, jokingly, "Why don't you start going to Mass with me, so that I can write to THE DIGEST about my convert?" What time would I be leaving for Mass the following Sun-

day? she wanted to know. When I got my breath back, I told her. After Mass she asked many questions. I had to refer her to the priest. Soon, she was attending instruction class; now not only she but her husband and young daughter have all made their First Communion. Now, she told me, thanks to me and THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, she is happier than she had ever been.

Mrs. Michael Millea.

My way to my own school led me past the parochial school. One day, someone shouted, "Look at the little Jew boy!" Despite my ten years, I was soon fighting a 13-year-old.

Then, through tears and blood, I saw a nun approaching. She sent the boy into the school, and with a sigh I shall never forget, asked my name.

"David," I sobbed.

"That's a fine name. There was another David who had to fight a bully once."

She led me into the school, and dressed my cuts. "If anyone tries to insult you again, tell him that his God is a Jew and that He loves Jews."

We parted, with her blessing upon me. The ten-year-old grew up, and God did bless him, for I was baptized this year and received my Jewish God in Holy Communion for the first time at midnight Mass on Christmas. And now I shall study for the priesthood. God bless you, Sister!

David Bernard Meltzer.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Why Missioners Become Saints

*It's the easiest way
to do the job*

A MISSIONER is a man who goes to a place where he is not wanted to sell a pearl whose value, although of great price, is not recognized, to people who are determined not to accept it, even as a gift. To accomplish this he need not be a saint, but he must come close to passing for one. He must be so many things that a saint is, and he must do so many things that a saint does, that it becomes for him a serious question if the easiest way to the goal is not simply to be a saint in the first place and be done with it. That is why missioners become saints.

The language alone is enough to try the stoutest soul. A sermon to a Kwang-tung audience, for instance, is prepared something after the following manner. The missioner decides what he wants to say, presumably in that vague hodgepodge of English, Latin, French, and Chinese that filters the thoughts of the man condemned to know a smattering of many languages. If the sermon is to be anything more than the simplest instruction, it will contain various ideas difficult to express in Chinese. His diction-

ary is Cantonese-French. Suppose he wants to mention the communion of saints. He tries to think of what it might be in French, and



then looks up his questionable guess. If he hits it right, he finds the French expression translated in the dictionary into Chinese characters.

About these characters he still needs to know three things. 1. Are they confined to the written language, or are they spoken? 2. If they are spoken, what is their Cantonese pronunciation? and 3. What is their particular pronunciation in the local district? Other books are

Bishop Walsh is one of Red China's last prisoners in Shanghai.

*366 5th Ave., New York City 1. Winter, 1955. © 1955 by the national office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and reprinted with permission.



then consulted to check up these points, and thus the missionary after having hunted out the wanted phrase from all its lurking holes finally writes his original thought in the syllables that result from these researches.

He thinks that he is now prepared to take the pulpit. Before doing so, however, he checks his production with his catechist. This brings the invariable verdict, "It is Chinese of a sort, only we do not say it that way." He then has his choice of two procedures. He can reply to the catechist, "Well, how in the world do you say it?" In which case he will receive an answer that is a correct Chinese phrase, but usually miles away from the exact thought to be expressed. Or he can start the process all over again. What he actually does is neither. From lack of time he goes into the pulpit to sink or swim.

In these circumstances the missionary is teaching, hearing confessions, examining people in doctrine, bargaining with tradesmen and coolies, patching up quarrels, putting through business deals with more

or less finesse, buying land, making building contracts, opening schools, and engaging employees. How tired he gets of being continually obliged to make decisions and render judgments and perform acts the full implications of which he is not in a position to grasp! Yet he must go plodding along through the dark as best he can until the bright day dawns, after years or perhaps decades, when steady study and wide experience shall finally unite to usher him out of darkness into comparative light.

There are the many other pitfalls that yawn before his feet, but not his eyes. Inevitably he falls into many of them. He is being robbed and fooled right and left by his servants, his Christians, his pagans, everybody. He decides to be strict, and it turns out that he is bearing down on the wrong parties and driving away the few good people he has. He decides to be lenient, and soon everybody is taking advantage of him to deceive and impose.

He gives to beggars, and discovers that he is being victimized by professional loafers; he sternly refuses them, and at once learns that he has sent away the deserving poor. He is overcharged at every turn; he rebels finally and refuses to pay a bill he does not understand, only to have it pointed out later that the particular item he spurned was one of the few just charges of a lifetime.

The missionary sallies out to convert the world, but the world does

weaknesses. Not ourselves; we can answer for that. And not even our

He tries to keep down the price of a sedan chair or a sampan, to protect the next foreign traveler who will follow along that particular route, and this will often require him to eschew the exorbitantly priced conveyance at the cost of walking the whole distance; he finds later that the next traveler calmly paid the full sum demanded, and thus rendered his laborious economy null and void.

Meanwhile, the stage for all these maneuvers is far from being a favorable one. He is in a tropical climate. The heat and the humidity, with the extraordinary fatigue they cause, are formidable enemies. Rains are torrential, frequently penetrating the tiles of his Chinese roof, if indeed typhoons do not sweep them off altogether.

His house is poorly built, as a rule. The thin walls sweat with humidity; green mold covers everything; his clothes get damp, then mildewed, then moth-eaten. The white ants eat whatever is left, including the house itself. Henri Fabre was right in considering ants to be very intelligent creatures: at least they give every indication of exercising a judicious discrimination in literature, for the books they eat invariably turn out to be the ones most prized, while the works of Josephus and Montgomery Ward are permitted to remain intact.

A tropic country is the paradise of insects. Ants eat everything, mosquitoes bite everything, June bugs

bump everything, and big black beetles and big brown roaches crawl over everything and everybody. Flies and fleas are everywhere; rats, bats, and gnats plague and pester. Meanwhile, clothes, books, suitcases, tools, everything that moth and rust can consume or thieves break through to and steal will speedily go the way of all flesh.

Of all the false slogans ever coined, perhaps the most complete is the phrase: join the missions and see the world. After his first long jaunt across the globe the missionary probably sees less of the world than anybody else in it. He remains always a traveler, of course, but now the lolling deck chair is replaced by a Chinese pony, and his trips are not fascinating sorties into exotic ports, but wanderings from one farming village to another exactly like it. He has chosen, not to see the world, but rather to let the world go by.

Here in this narrow round lies the germ of intellectual disintegration for the man who is not on his guard. The situation encourages notions. To his real troubles he is now disposed to add imaginary ones. The way of the missionary is financially hard, and if he is not willing to try patiently to understand the reasons why it is so, and to bolster up his particular perceptions in addition by a strong trust in divine providence in general, he will soon find himself feeling that nobody loves him.

The missionary sallies out to convert the world, but the world does not convert. He meets disappointments. They multiply to make discouragement. Meanwhile, he is a stranger in a strange land. All his overtures require just a little extra effort; meet just a little extra ridicule, fancied or real; remain just a little against the grain. He does not know it, but soon in his heart he is looking for some graceful way to be pious. He begins to pray long prayers and to do voluminous spiritual reading. He becomes an expert in mystical theology; he is an authority on prayer; he reads many lives of the saints, maybe even writes a few. All good in its place and in its measure; but not missionary work.

Not a substitute for climbing mountains and riding horses and floundering in rice fields and visiting villages and entertaining mandarins and jollyng shopkeepers and encouraging students and curing sick people and tending lepers and teaching children and harboring abandoned babies. Not a substitute, and not even an excuse. "To me, the least of all the saints, is given this grace, to preach among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. 3:8). And unless he is preaching that Gospel in some active fashion designed to reach the hearts of men, he may be many things but he is not a missionary.

Who expects us to have no faults? Surely not God, who knows our

weaknesses. Not ourselves; we can answer for that. And not even our Catholic people, who cherish a high ideal of the priesthood, indeed, yet realize cheerfully withal that the priest is a man and not an angel. The missionary, however, is not yet out of the woods. He has still another factor to deal with, and one that he will not circumvent so easily. It is his pagans.

What his vocation and his ego and his people do not demand, his pagans will. It is almost an axiom that the less religion men have, the more they demand in others. Pagans are always pharisees; possibly because pharisees are really pagans. For this reason, among others, the missionary's great asset is his reputation. He must pass for a holy man, or be passed by as an average man. How does his reputation go about this work?

In an average mission he is one man sent to a half million people scattered over an area 50 miles square. He does not and cannot see them all; but they can and do see him. Being a lone foreigner, he is a marked man. Some judgment is going to be passed on him. If the few who actually meet him in the ordinary course are impressed by his courtesy, patience, kindness, helpfulness, and charity, the news is going to be passed along to their uncles and their cousins and their aunts. If he is consistently so, the repeated good impression will gain momentum as it goes, and it will

spread farther and farther, like a snowball rolling downhill, until it has reached isolated hamlets and odd corners.

If, on the other hand, the importunate calls of his exigent pagans find him worrying about his own comfort, or his clerical dignity, or his national prestige, or any other private idol, so that he fails to forget himself in order to think of his opportunity, then he loses the golden chance to achieve his very best stroke of mission work by enhancing his truly precious reputation.

It is when he has acquired a good name that the stage is set for his work among pagans. Pagans do not flock to him for no reason. They do most of their flocking when they need help. Fortunately, this is with them a fairly chronic condition; but even then they will flock only to somebody whom they have reason to look upon as a possible source of assistance. In these circumstances, the missionary is often one of their first considerations; and naturally the die is cast for or against him on the strength of the impression that has gone abroad concerning him. His reputation is thus the real missionary, and fortunate is he who is able to obtain and maintain a good one. Imitating a saint, or even being one, is scarcely too great a price to pay for it.

It is possible for a man to be a good missionary without being a saint but it would take an exceedingly clever man: so clever, indeed, that he probably does not exist. And if such a man could be found, it would cost him far more time and effort and study and care to maneuver successfully through this maze, than it would require to perform the same work through the automatic means of becoming a saint.

Sanctity is therefore the easiest way, and being the easiest way, it is for most of us the only way, since the average man is not looking for hard and unusual ways to perform this or any other stint. In fact, when the average man once wakes up to the startling fact that he, with all his blushing imperfections, has been chosen to walk in the giant footsteps of Paul and Xavier, he thereupon begins to look about him in desperation for the easiest way, or, indeed, for any old way, that will enable him to cope with the colossal task.

When God fashioned him into the weak and stupid creature he is, and then sent him out as a child to do a man's work, He thereby sentenced him to sanctity. So, instead of trying to imitate the saint, it would be better for him to concentrate on the less complex process of being one.



Man is the only animal that ever blushes—or ever needs to.

Pascal.

Highway Jet Cars Coming Up!

Riding in one of them will be like coasting downhill with the motor shut off



IN THE RESEARCH laboratories of car manufacturers, you can hear an eerie, whistling sound, as of cyclonic winds rushing through a small enclosure. It issues from behind doors closed to all but the engineers and technicians who work there. This strange sound may be heralding the start of a new era in the history of the automobile.

It is the sound of the gas turbine, the simple, compact engine that, with a great *whoosh* of hot gases, pushes jet planes through the air at supersonic speeds. Today, major car manufacturers are investing millions of dollars in research programs to develop a gas-turbine engine for automobiles. They have been making progress, and it appears likely that some day you will have a choice, when you're shopping for a new car, between a regular automobile and a "turbocar."

Although it is a subject that generates much controversy among automobile experts, some believe that the gas turbine will ultimately replace the conventional piston engine in trucks, buses, and cars, just as it

is now replacing the piston engine in high-speed aircraft.

Compared with the piston engine, the gas turbine has, in theory at least, an appealing simplicity. Its basic parts are a compressor and two turbines, all three of which units are metal wheels with spoke-like blades, or "buckets," attached. When the compressor spins, it gulps in quantities of air, compresses it, and forces it into a combustion chamber where fuel burns continuously as in an oil furnace. Here, pressure and heat create a tornado of gases that rush on to strike the buckets of the first turbine. This turbine drives the compressor and keeps it sucking in more air.

In a jet plane, at this point, the hot gases shoot with a blowtorch blast out of a tail nozzle, moving the plane forward. Such scalding gases would be lethal on highways, but a turbocar is not propelled by an external jet stream. Instead, the gases flow through a duct, at the end of which is a second turbine. The rotation of this turbine (it

*30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20. Spring, 1956. © 1956 by Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), and reprinted with permission.

reaches about 25,000 revolutions a minute at full throttle) is geared down to turn the wheels of the car.

As a power plant for automobiles, this engine has some promising possibilities. Because it may be smaller than a piston engine of equivalent horsepower, it would give designers the freedom to create new body styles, with more room for passengers and better vision. Because the turbine engine may be lighter, the car could have greater load-carrying capacity. There are no pistons moving back and forth in a gas turbine; therefore, it always runs with a hitherto unknown smoothness.

Car upkeep might also be reduced. The gas turbine eliminates several complicated devices that are integral to the piston engine. It has no radiator, a simplified air-cooling system, and a much less complicated ignition system, which uses one spark plug that would probably last the life of the car. Having few moving parts, the turbine requires little lubrication. And, though its proper fuel has not yet been determined, one thing is quite certain: in the gas-turbine age, "octane number" would be an obsolete phrase.

These qualities have set major car manufacturers, both in Europe and in the U. S., off on a research race. Producers have turned out experimental models that have been going through their paces on testing grounds and highways.

The first passenger model appeared about six years ago, built by

the Rover Company, Ltd., of Birmingham, England. This pioneer turbocar, admittedly imperfect in many important respects, generated enormous power for its size and weight. Since then, at least five other European companies have constructed experimental turbocars. In Detroit, General Motors' Turbocruiser, a big blue-and-white bus, and Chrysler's red-and-white 1956 Plymouth sedan with a gas-turbine engine, occasionally whirr on test rides through downtown traffic. They attract scant attention, because they look and perform much like conventional cars.

A ride in a turbocar, however, is a new experience. Once under way, you seem to *flow* forward. The car feels as though it were coasting downhill with the motor shut off. You feel no vibration. The high whine you heard in the laboratory has been muted by silencers to a soft hiss, and the sense of an engine generating power is absent.

At least seven major companies in the U. S. are experimenting with gas-turbine engines for automobiles and trucks. Some of the companies have not shown an experimental model in public, but this does not mean that they are running the research race with less enthusiasm than General Motors or Chrysler. Ford, for example, has taken a different approach, feeling that it is better to work out the bugs in the engine on a laboratory bench before putting the unit into a car.

The automotive gas turbine is by no means ready for the road, except in experimental models. Even the engineers express in guarded terms their confidence in its ultimate success.

Basically, at least two shortcomings in the gas turbine make it impractical for mass production now. Although the engine starts instantly, even in coldest weather, you must wait a second or two before the turbine begins to deliver power. Acceleration after starting is slow, because the first turbine must "wind up" or increase the velocity of its spin before the full power of the hurricaning gases reaches the second turbine. Such sluggishness also occurs when accelerating from a stop, at a traffic signal, for example, after the engine has been idling. Until this problem is solved, the gas-turbine car will probably not be acceptable to the motoring public, which is always in a hurry to get moving.

The other problem touches an equally sensitive spot: fuel economy. At full throttle, the gas turbine can be nearly as efficient as the piston engine, and at normal speeds its fuel consumption is not thought to be excessive. But when idling, the turbine consumes large quantities of fuel, because at idle the compressor and the first turbine are spinning at 10,000 RPMs to 15,000 RPMs.

Engineers have found part of the solution. They have devised heat exchangers small enough for pleas-

ure cars. These use the heat of the gases passing the second turbine to warm up the compressed air before it reaches the combustion chamber, thus saving fuel.

Whether or not we will ever see turbocars on the highways depends primarily on production costs. The turbines, whirling at great velocity and subjected to temperatures of more than 1,500°, must be made of alloys of such expensive metals as molybdenum, chromium, cobalt, tungsten, and nickel. Such a pin-wheel, about five or six inches in diameter, at present costs more than a complete piston engine.

Metallurgists are trying to produce an inexpensive, heat-resistant alloy for turbine engines, but none has succeeded. One promising approach is the attempt to combine metal and a ceramic material. One company offered to supply Chrysler with a new type of turbine wheel at \$1,000 apiece. "This looks good," the engineer in charge of the turbine project said. "Come back when you've got the price down to \$25."

The gap between \$25 and \$1,000 is perhaps as good a yardstick as any with which to measure the approach of the gas-turbine car. When the first production model will arrive is anybody's guess, but when it does, it will probably start changes that will have a great impact not only on the automotive industry but on the oil industry as well. Right now, no one can say exactly what the composition of the best fuel will be.

The first turbocars will probably be sports cars, and it may be that the manufacturers will recommend diesel fuel or an unleaded gasoline. Later, as turbocars become common, special turbofuels will become readily available.

With good reason there is an air of hesitancy and caution among men who have studied the future of the automotive gas turbine. They are acutely aware of the fact that it must compete for motorists' favor with an engine that embodies more than 50 years of refinement.

This is not to say that the experts are pessimistic about the automotive turbine. Indeed, most experts believe that it will some day become a most useful instrument of power, with many applications. Other, heavier forms of the gas turbine, in fact, are now in use in oceangoing vessels, power plants, electric gen-

erators, oil refineries, and railroad locomotives; and, indeed, it was the impressive performance of the compact jet engine in aircraft that stimulated research into an automotive turbine engine.

The gas-turbine age will not really arrive, however, until the engine has been put into a large number of pleasure cars. As every engineer knows, it is the capricious whim of popular taste that will make the final decision. Recently, an experienced automobile executive in Detroit spoke of the vague specter that engenders a highly competitive atmosphere among car manufacturers. He said, "General Motors is experimenting with gas turbines because Ford is; Ford is in it because Chrysler is; Chrysler is in it because General Motors is. None of us can afford not to be ready when the public wants a gas-turbine car."



Ribbon of highway tied in traffic knots.
Sister Francis Paula, S.S.J.

Trombones rumbling in underwater tones.
Miriam S. Cox

Rain tapping away like a lonely stenographer.
Bernard Pegarski, C.S.C.

Sewing circle: where women go to needle each other.
Charles Jones

Cloud scratching its side against a mountain.
Bill Gulick

Foghorn bawling for its mother.
Herb Caen

Cut-outs hanging on the clothesline.
Mary J. Ursick

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Anne Fremantle's Quest for Truth

*As critic, scholar, wife and mother,
she has never lost her zest for ideas,
work, and fun*



ANNE FREMANTLE, writer and lecturer, is a slim, electric strawberry blonde with an English accent, U.S. citizenship papers, and a wholly international appetite for ideas, work, and fun. Mrs. Fremantle is the only woman on the editorial staff of the *Commonweal*; she writes for newspapers and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic; teaches at two universities; and does editorial work for the United Nations. She is one of the most astute and most learned of contemporary literary critics. But she might easily be mistaken for an actress or a professional model.

Mrs. Fremantle was born 45 years ago in England, the daughter of the Right Honorable Frederick Huth Jackson, privy councillor, sheriff of London, and director of the Bank of England. Her mother was a close friend of William Butler Yeats and Lady Gregory and their circle of Irish patriots; and, with Ramsay

MacDonald, she was an executive of the British Labor party in its early days. Young Anne and her sister grew up in England and France, among a great many intense persons dedicated to various causes but alike in their devotion to the life of the mind.

Despite these advantages, Anne's own accomplishments are primarily the result of hard work and interior struggle. Born into the Anglican church, she migrated while still a child to Islamism, through the influence of a family friend, an Englishman turned Moslem.

"I learned to pray anywhere," she has recalled in her own account of her conversion, "—to flop down in a pine wood and say my *ra'akahs* on the six-foot strip that could be

*1700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. April, 1956. © 1956 by Today Magazine, and reprinted with permission.

a carpet or a drawn line, but was always the reminder of death, the 'six foot by three' that was all the earth to which I had any right." Her mother remained tolerant of this exotic behavior, and possibly amused, but her father was not pleased.

Later, turned over to a French curé for Latin lessons after her father's death, she experienced another reversal. When the priest asked, "What about religion?" her mother replied, "Oh, make her a Catholic, if you can."

As might have been expected, the curé viewed his pupil's Islamic commitments with less detachment. "Gently, *via* Cicero and Virgil," says Mrs. Fremantle, "he led us to St. Augustine. For Latin exercises, we read the breviary, a saint's life, a psalm. We began to argue, and I was lost. Then the curé made us study the Gospels.

"I learned Latin so well that later I got a scholarship to Oxford. Within a year, by the time I was 13, I was a catechumen."

This time the usually tolerant mother was furious. The "Roman" Church to her meant intolerance and cruelty. She reproached the curé for proselytizing.

"But you permitted me, Madame," he said.

"Ah, that was because I did not think you could do it," she replied.

She sent the girls off to school in England, and later took them on a tour of Europe. Their rosaries had

been confiscated; a maid was instructed to see that they visited no Catholic churches. Anne and her sister relished the sense of persecution. "It made us feel priggishly saintly and important," she says.

When she left school before going to Oxford, she still wanted to be a Catholic. So she was sent to a psychiatrist. She told him that she thought if her mother would introduce her to some nice Protestant boys she would fall in love "and not think about religion all the time." The psychiatrist said he thought she was quite normal.

At a hunt ball soon after, Anne met Christopher Fremantle. His family were old friends of the Jacksons. Anne's mother approved: Christopher was a Protestant. Christopher and Anne were married in the Church of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and after their marriage maintained close relations with both the archbishop and his church. But Anne felt disconnected from God. "I was absolutely certain that I was in bad faith," she says. Nevertheless, for years she remained so.

Anne wrote books, articles, stories, backed plays, and bought pictures. She was an unsuccessful Labor-party candidate in the 1935 election. By her own account, she led a busy and happy life. She also wanted God.

When Hitler's blitz began, she moved with her sons to the U.S. and helped to find homes and oc-

cupations here for several dozen other Europeans. She found herself a job in the British embassy at Washington. At a party, she met a priest, now Monsignor de Menasce, an Egyptian Jewish convert. Later, Father de Menasce broached the subject of Mrs. Fremantle's spiritual state. It was grave, he said.

"I told Father de Menasce," she remembers, "that I only wanted God because my father had died when I was a child and I was seeking the father-image. That I only wanted God because I knew myself a failure and wanted a dumping place for my complexes. That I simply could not adjust to a society that recognized neither sin nor shame.

"But I knew how false was my front. And inside of me, I hated my cheating."

So did Father de Menasce. Gently, and with devastating logic, he punctured each excuse. Then he presented a thorough summary of the credentials and claims of the Catholic Church. Throughout his argument, he emphasized the necessity of accepting the Church as liberation.

"As long as you see the Church as curtailment of your freedom, however voluntarily accepted, you are not ready to come in," he insisted. "Only when you see Catholicism as a great opening of doors, a widening of all your liberty, will you begin to see the Church as she really is."

Vision eventually came, and Anne Fremantle became a Catholic in 1943. Her family, her husband, even her mother were "most understanding."

Like many converts, she has difficulty expressing all that her religion means to her. "The absolute gratuity of God's gifts daily overwhelms me," she says. "Nothing else that ever happens or could happen is of comparable importance to the daily Sacrifice of the Mass."

Since 1942, the Fremantles have lived in Princeton. They were neighbors and friends of the late Albert Einstein. Christopher, an artist, divides his time between commissions and the editorship of *Gentry* magazine. They have three sons.

Perhaps because of her own unique experiences, Anne Fremantle has always been highly sympathetic with young people. She enjoys her teaching as an associate professor of journalism at Fordham university. For the last eight years she has also been a part-time instructor in current literature at Duchesne.

"I've always liked teen-agers, even when I was one," is the way she puts it, and she is especially fond of American teen-agers. "I love the good manners here. Teen-agers are so friendly and polite, and not sulky nor shy as at home."

A few years ago, over incredulous protests from her family and friends, she agreed to chaperon five Duchesne girls on an eight-week tour of Europe. No one except Mrs.

Fremantle could see anything but trouble in store for the expedition; she was quite undaunted, however, and after making the reservations was off with her protégés.

The gloomy predictions of her friends were not wholly justified, as things turned out, but they were not unrealistic, either. The party had its share of adventures, including a middle-of-the-night dash to "sanctuary" in the convent where they were staying, chased by a dozen would-be suitors. But Anne returned from the trip with her ardor for young people undampened.

If Mrs. Fremantle has any fault to find with American youth, it is in the young people's interests and aims. "There is very little of the throwing oneself into good works, lost causes, and such, that you find in Europe," she says. "No European teen-ager thinks much about marriage, or starting a family, or security. He thinks more about love, war, and death."

Some of her friends admire most

of all Mrs. Fremantle's unshakable aplomb in the face of life's minor disasters. On a recent lecture tour, she was invited to be the guest of honor at a party following her speech. She decided to wear to the party her "speaking" dress of black velvet, with pearls. Her red-gold hair was piled in the becoming Edwardian knot that she likes for dress-up occasions.

It was a breezy spring day. At the last minute, the local arrangements committee had an inspiration. The most appropriate touch, they decided, would be an open English sports car to transport the speaker from lecture hall to party. The fast ten-minute drive in an M. G. reduced the Edwardian coiffure to something resembling a surrealistic haystack.

It left the lady under the coiffure, however, entirely unperturbed. "Do excuse me for a moment," she greeted her host. "My hair, you know." And in seconds she appeared, superbly re-groomed, to make amusing party conversation of the mishap.

RURAL HOSPITALITY

Torrential rains had caused the back door of the Jones' farmhouse to swell and stick. The family found, however, that they could get the door open by inserting the blade of an ax in the crack at the bottom and stepping on the ax handle.

One day when the door was badly stuck, little Tommy heard a knock. He ran to the door and wrenched at it, but it wouldn't budge. Through the glass he could see Mrs. Murphy, a neighbor, standing on the porch. "Oh, mother!" he called. "Mrs. Murphy is here. Better get the ax."

For some reason, Mrs. Murphy didn't wait.

Drovers Telegram.

By Georges Bissonnette, A.A.
*Condensed from "Moscow Was My Parish"**

I Saw Russians on Their Knees

*Erosion, not frontal attack, is
the Red policy toward religion*

DOES RELIGION still play a vital role in the life of the ordinary Russian? As the only American clergyman in Moscow, I was asked this question over and over again.

I had difficulty finding the answer. In any normal country, I could learn the facts by consulting reference books or church publications. But in the Soviet Union, I discovered, religious statistics are concealed with even greater care than military secrets.

It was only by reading between the lines of the newspapers that I could discover anything. For instance, during the summer and fall of 1954, a campaign against the Orthodox Church was carried on in all the papers. Attendance at church, however, did not noticeably decline, and one morning in the fall we were all surprised to find a decree in *Pravda* signed by Khrushchev, reprimanding the agitators. It was not by threats and discriminatory measures, Khrushchev told the agitators, that religion would be erad-



cated, but by the advances of scientific atheism.

Other papers jumped onto the bandwagon. The proof of the agitators' failure could be found in the fact that young people were still being married in church and having their children baptized and brought up as Christians. Another paper claimed that, in opposing patriotism to religion, the agitators had driven out of the party many valuable members. Moreover, they had brought on the recent slowdown in production which had caused shortages in consumer goods.

In trying to throw all the blame on the scapegoat, the papers re-

Father Bissonnette served as chaplain to foreign Catholics in Moscow from 1953 to 1955.

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vealed facts they had never intended to be known—that young people are still being married in church, for example, in numbers that gravely worry the Communist party.

The Russian Orthodox Church, as it exists in the Soviet Union today, is only a shadow of the great edifice it once was. The concessions made by the patriarchs of Moscow to obtain permission to keep some churches open have deprived the Orthodox Church of almost all its activities except the celebration of the Liturgy. The teaching of religion is forbidden except to persons over 18 years of age, and is never done in groups. A few seminaries are still permitted to operate, and a handful of monasteries still contain monks, but none of them are the seats of learning they once were.

How can the Russian Orthodox faith still survive? The first thing to note is that Russian religion is quite different from what we think of as religion in the West. To the ordinary member of the Russian Orthodox Church, the numerous and varied organizations by which the Western Church carries on its activities seem needless appendages.

His religion is essentially an effort to conform his conduct to certain aspects of Christ's life on earth. He will try to imitate the meekness of Jesus, the tender care He gave to the poor. The patiently suffering Christ is his model, and if a godless government visits tribulations upon him, these are trials

NO SURCEASE

Many persons have taken for granted the notion that the recent events in the Soviet Union would ease the antireligious campaign there. They assume that it was Stalin who was responsible for this policy. There is some truth to this, but Stalin did not start communism's fight against religion. In fact, the bloodiest phase of the persecution was coming to an end by the time Stalin had achieved control.

Georges Bissonnette in
an NCWC dispatch.

which his virtue must surmount.

Time after time, I was struck by the astounding transformation that comes over a Russian when he goes inside a church. He will stride to the door in a decided, determined fashion, then, once inside, will adopt the shuffle of the peasant. With his feet dragging and his head and shoulders bent, he will begin to pray.

An army officer I saw at the Monastery of St. Sergius in Zagorsk came striding out of a chapel. With firm step and a regular clicking of heels, he crossed the square and entered the old Church of the Trinity. After a few minutes we saw him inside. He had his peaked cap hanging from one hand and stood with his shoulders bent, not joining in the singing of the litany. Without his uniform, he could have been

any peasant tired from a long day in the fields. Once outside the church, however, his head snapped up and he stepped briskly in the direction of another church.

What am I trying to prove by this? Only that in religion, the ordinary Russian thinks the way a peasant does. As long as he is allowed to come to church on certain occasions, as long as his "Orthodox way of life" is left intact in the practice of the virtues of meekness, long-suffering, and charity, he considers his religion complete. That he hears no sermons or that the sermons he does hear ask him to back peace campaigns does not touch the essentials of his religion.

The role of the clergy, too, is sharply reduced in the Russian view of religion. As long as there is a priest to celebrate Mass, to baptize the children, to assist at the wedding of the young people and to bury the dead, that is all that is expected of him. The Russian Orthodox faith is more a way of life than a body of doctrine, so the need for a clergy capable of presenting doctrine is never great.

This idea, that nothing matters as long as the local church stays open, may explain much of the willingness of the higher clergy to make any concession, even to becoming tools of the communist Foreign Office, in order to allow the liturgical functions of the Church to be performed. But this is only a guess: I never had an opportunity

to talk seriously with any member of the Orthodox hierarchy.

Some of the failures and successes of the antireligious campaigns begin to make sense if we accept this notion of the Russian Orthodox faith as a way of life rather than as a body of doctrine. The preaching of scientific atheism has very little effect upon the common believer. It is aimed too high, is too intellectual, when the believer's religion is on the level of emotion and living habits.

Every once in a while, someone in Moscow wakes up to this fact, and we see a change in tactics. Churches are closed or turned into warehouses and movie theaters; priests are killed or exiled; the special foods necessary to observe fasts and holydays are made unavailable—all formulas tried during the 20's and 30's. The faithful, however, have their own ways of retaliation, and after a work slowdown, some of the churches reopen quietly, and the priests are allowed to celebrate the Liturgy once again.

Each attack, though, means a little more ground lost for the believers, for some churches are never reopened. In 1917, with a population of 1.5 million, Moscow had more than 400 churches. Now, with a population of 6 million, there are no more than 50. Of these, I was never able to find more than 35. Moreover, many of the reopened churches are never given back to the faithful; instead, they become

"monuments of architecture" and, as such, house relics of the past.

This is especially true of the monasteries, once the centers of learning and the repositories of all that was finest in the traditions of the people. All too often these are now museums devoted to showing that religion is a means of keeping the people ignorant and poor. In only a few of them do small groups of monks struggle to maintain the great traditions of the past.

About the present state of the Orthodox Church in Russia, therefore, I feel I can say the following. 1. There is freedom of religious practice, but the restrictions imposed on the Church make this a Soviet "freedom." 2. There are more closed churches than there are churches that still operate. 3. The antireligious campaigns continually gain ground. 4. The government is sure it will win its fight against religion in the end and is not willing to risk an organized resistance by pushing the fight too hard. 5. The higher echelons of the hierarchy are the willing instruments of government policy; but, given the peculiar conception the Russians have of religion, it is possible that they are sincere clergymen.

Even less information is available about other religions. Of the Jewish faith in Russia, I know very little. Most of the Jews live in White Russia, the Western Ukraine, and regions formerly part of Poland—all off-limits to foreigners. There are,

however, considerable Jewish settlements in some of the larger cities. In Moscow, there are two synagogues which are well attended.

The much-publicized anti-Semitism which is said to plague the Soviet Union must have been dormant while I was there. Most of the Russian people I met displayed no great antipathy toward the Jews. They looked with suspicion upon their success in small business, but it was nothing more than the envy felt by the less successful toward the more successful.

The Protestant sects have never had a great following in Russia. Except for chapels of foreign embassies, I know only of a Baptist church in Moscow and of a chapel in Kiev. The Baptist church seats about 400, and when a visiting preacher addresses the congregation, there may be as many as 700 in the church. In addition to these small Protestant groups, a significant percentage of people in Latvia, Estonia, and the newly formed Karelo-Finnish republic are Protestant; how they have fared since the war, however, is an open question.

The Catholic Church, on the other hand, once counted millions of adherents in the lands belonging to Russia. The persecutions of the 20's and 30's did away with the bishops and many of the priests. Catholics of the Eastern rite, those who use the Byzantine rather than the Latin liturgy and are subject to a special canon law, were forcibly incorpor-

ated into the Russian Orthodox Church after the 2nd World War. Lithuania and the territories taken from Poland were primarily Catholic at the time of annexation, and those of Latvia about half Catholic.

In Moscow, besides my chapel for the diplomats, there was only the Church of St. Louis des Français and its Latvian priest. Here the attendance on an average Sunday may run to nearly 1,000 people. They are devout, and to the best of my knowledge the priest is a good pastor. Like the Orthodox clergymen, he is called upon occasionally to make a declaration, but only in fields with no direct bearing on doctrine and morality.

Although I abstained from seeing the Latvian priest myself, to avoid embarrassing him, I advised the foreign Catholics to go to church there once in a while, to show the government that there was nothing wrong with the man, and that as a priest there was no difference between him and me. I sent him the Roman liturgical calendar and holy pictures with the Russian translation of the prayer composed by Pope Pius XII for the Marian Year. Some of his parishioners sent me Mass offerings occasionally.

Once a year, the auxiliary to the Archbishop of Riga comes to visit the Moscow parish. In 1954, he confirmed almost 400 persons and gave the parents some sound advice on the means they must use to supplement the godless teaching of the So-

viet schools and assure their children a sufficient knowledge of their religion.

Beyond the fact that there is a preparatory seminary in Kaunas, Lithuania, I know almost nothing of the Catholics in the Baltic republics. There is one church with a pastor and an assistant at Leningrad; a church with a pastor in Kishiniev, Moldavia; and one church with a priest in Tbilisi, Georgia. Odessa has a church but no priest. My other attempts to locate Catholic communities were all unsuccessful. To the best of my knowledge, that is the extent of the open activity of the Catholic Church in the Soviet Union. It is barely a shadow of the complex of dioceses, schools, colleges, monasteries, children's homes, and newspapers that once existed, but it is still a force, though a small one.

How long Catholicism can maintain itself without an adequate clergy and under the constant threat of persecution, only God can tell. It is possible to pray for a repetition of the miracle of the Japanese Catholics, who kept their faith without the help of a priest for more than 300 years.

Is religion still alive in the Soviet Union? Yes. The very attitude of the government is proof of that. A government does not dedicate itself to the abolition of a dead religion. The state has more important tasks than worrying about harmless beliefs. As long as the communists

keep training antireligious agitators, as long as they attempt to find a successful way to fight religion, you can be sure that religion is still a worth-while menace to the godless state. Generally, it can be said that an intensification in antireligious propaganda results only in a resurgence of religion.

Let me give you two examples. At the Argentine embassy, a young woman working as a translator was playing volleyball with us one day. During an intermission, I sat next to her, and asked how her work at the university was progressing. I had heard she was studying for a degree.

"Quite well," she answered. "We are having exams these days and I have been working very hard. Yesterday we had exams in Marx and Engels. That leaves me Leninism-Stalinism for tomorrow; then vacations, thanks be to God!"

Now, no one could conclude from her "Thanks be to God" that she was a staunch supporter of religion, but it does show that religion in the life of the average Soviet citizen does not rub off easily. This woman had received all her education in communist schools,

where every effort is made to eradicate such expressions. Still, instinctively, she used the phrase to signify that something good was about to happen.

The other anecdote comes from a woman at the French embassy. Coming there on the bus one morning, she noticed that as the bus slowed in front of a church now used as a motion-picture theater, an old woman, looking out the window and seeing a discolored ikon, began to bless herself. A young soldier sitting across from her began laughing and asked, "Why do you do that, *babushka*? Do you believe that old picture will help your rheumatism?"

The old woman did not answer, and the soldier, thinking he had the support of the other travelers, went on loudly, "I suppose you believe in the devil, too, and blame him every time something goes wrong. Poor devil, he has a heavy load to carry. Have you ever seen the devil?"

Turning her head with deliberation, the old woman answered, "I see him at this moment."

The soldier got off at the next stop, and the passengers almost cheered.

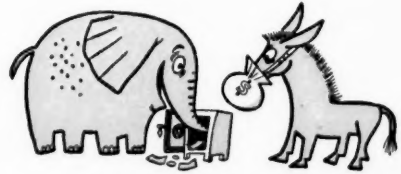
... OR IF HE'D SNEEZED

Sister Barbara had asked little Tommy, aged 8, to explain the difference between prose and poetry. He pondered awhile, and then said, "There was a young man named Beeze, who went into a pond up to his ankle. That's prose, but if the water had been a few inches higher, it would have been poetry."

Sunshine Magazine (March '56).

Who Pays for Elections?

The big money needed for modern political campaigns comes chiefly from the few



THE ODDS ARE heavy that you won't contribute a penny to help elect a President or any other public official this fall. If you do, you're one of a small minority.

In 1952, more than 61 million Americans voted in the presidential election, but only about 3 million (less than 5% of the voters) contributed to political campaigns.

This year, an estimated \$200 million will be spent to elect thousands of officeholders, from county commissioner to President. This sounds like a lot of money, yet it comes to less than \$1.25 per capita.

But—and here's the disturbing part—about \$140 million of the total will be contributed by fewer than 20,000 people. These are the persons who make political contributions of \$500 and more. They are the real financial sinews of the candidates of both parties. They are the men to whom politicians turn for that extra \$5,000 to buy TV time or hire a string of billboards.

Both parties brag about the little contributor, the \$1 and \$2 donations, the widow who gives 50¢ from her slim pension. These contributions do exist, but they amount to only a tiny fraction of the giant funds needed to grease the modern campaign wheels.

A *Look* survey of the contributions to a score of political committees of both parties in 1952 shows that "under \$100" contributions accounted for only 15% of Democratic National committee funds and 7% of Republican National committee funds.

Contributions of from \$100 to \$500 account for about one quarter of all campaign funds, but it is the contributions of \$500 and above that provide the political parties with 70% of their war chests. Without this "fat money," most campaigns would wither and die. There would be precious few TV shows, radio programs, billboards, or newspaper ads. The candidate could do little but travel about and speak on street corners.

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. April 17, 1956. © 1956 by Cowles Magazines, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Surveys indicate that a majority of the people who contribute over \$500 are Republicans. But Democrats can always muster an imposing array of big contributors, too. A breakdown by the *Congressional Quarterly* of political funds at the national level in 1952 shows that Republicans outcollected the Democrats by two to one. The Democrats, however, had the advantage of political spending by labor unions, so that the Republican money advantage boils down to only about 13 to 8.

Some political contributors give

THE CASE CASE

Twenty-five \$100 bills in an envelope provoked an uproar in the U. S. Senate last winter and touched off one more investigation of campaign spending. The cash was offered by a gas lobbyist to the re-election campaign fund of Sen. Francis Case (Rep., S.D.) in the belief that Case would vote for a proposal to free natural-gas producers from direct federal price regulation.

The offer might never have come to light if Case had not revealed the incident himself, and announced that he would not accept it. The \$2,500 offer to Case led President Eisenhower to veto the gas bill on the ground that to do otherwise would leave questions in the public mind about governmental integrity.

to both parties. One, R. J. Schaefer of Brooklyn, gave \$2,000 to the Democrats and \$2,000 to the Republicans in the 1954 congressional campaign.

Those who cry that large contributions tend to place the nation's destiny in the hands of a few wealthy families might take another look. Most large political gifts represent only a tiny fraction of what these same contributors spend for philanthropy. Compare, for instance, the Rockefellers' \$50,000-to-\$150,000 contributions to Republicans in presidential campaigns to the more than \$1 billion the family has given to charity in this century.

Most rich political contributors profess allegiance to the broad principles and aims of one party or another. It is the "under-the-table" money, the funds that are cloaked from public view, that raises the question of "special interest."

How much "hot money" finds its way into the political treasure-troves, nobody knows. Experts estimate for *Look* that "under-the-table" money probably amounts to 15% to 25% of the sums publicly reported under the law. If that proves true in 1956, it will amount to \$30 to \$50 million.

One thing is certain. The swiftly rising cost of elections has hiked expenditures in some state campaigns to breath-taking totals.

A Senate subcommittee found that in 1950, when Taft ran for the Senate in Ohio, Republicans in the state amassed a war chest of

\$1.8 million. The campaign of his Democratic foe, Joe Ferguson, was financed to the tune of \$287,000, of which \$228,000 was put up by the labor unions.

To elect a senator in Oregon in 1954 cost \$228,000, according to the *Congressional Quarterly*. Thirty committees spent \$141,000 for Guy Cordon, the Republican candidate, while Richard Neuberger, the successful Democratic candidate, had \$87,000 spent in his behalf.

Even in the one-party Southern states, Democratic primaries can cost a fortune. A Senate investigating committee found that \$321,000 was spent by five candidates in the 1944 Democratic senatorial primary in Arkansas, won by Sen. J. William Fulbright.

The political-spending laws are a potpourri of conflicting standards. The national committees which report contributions to Congress account for only a small percentage of the money spent in a presidential year. Some state laws are so lax as to be worthless. Others require reporting of funds at the county level. Five states require no financial reporting at all by their politicians.

Most of the laws permit concealment of the one question a voter has a right to know: who is financing a candidate and to what extent? Nobody knows for sure how much the labor unions contribute to the Democratic cause every election year.

Forty-one labor committees anted up more than \$2 million to elect a

Democratic Congress in 1954, according to reports to Congress, but this does not count untold hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by local unions and committees throughout the country.

John Feikens, Republican state chairman of Michigan, charged before a Senate committee that the political arm of the United Auto Workers had spent \$2.6 million in 1954 on behalf of the Democratic cause, much of it to clobber Republican candidates in Michigan.

Corporation contributions are illegal, but many concerns get around the law by reimbursing executives who contribute to the party of the company's choice. There are other methods too. Thus, in the incident involving the \$2,500 offer to Senator Case, the money was traced to the personal funds of the president of an oil company.

Now a flurry of suggestions are coming from responsible persons, both in and out of politics, to clean up and modernize the election-spending laws. Sen. Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. (Dem., Mo.), is waging a fight in Congress this year to reform such laws, which he calls "antediluvian." Hennings would raise the limits that candidates can spend, include primary costs in reports, and require much more accurate financial accounts from committees and candidates.

A few states, such as New York, have adequate reporting laws, but present federal laws are a farce.

They limit individual contributions to \$5,000 to any one political committee. As a result, committees multiply by leaps and bounds, and individuals merely spread their money around among numberless committees backing the candidate they wish to support.

Candidates for the U. S. Senate are limited to expenditures of \$25,000 and House candidates to \$5,000. Both parties openly flout the law by forming committees which collect funds in the candidates' behalf. Hennings would allow candidates a more realistic amount, raising spending on senatorial races to \$250,000, while House candidates would be permitted up to \$25,000 in some districts.

National political committees can't spend more than \$3 million each in a campaign. As a result, other committees organize to receive funds and to assist in party campaigns. Hennings would boost the limit to about \$12 million for each national committee.

There have been other suggestions for the revision of election-spending laws. Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler urges that the government permit income-tax deductions up to \$100 for political gifts to encourage small contributors.

Philip L. Graham, publisher of

the *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, urges a public-service advertising drive during campaigns to bring in \$5 contributions from a goal of 16 million families.

The ferment of discussion on the subject indicates the growing dissatisfaction with the present methods of financing candidates. Few experts who have dealt with this problem are so naïve as to believe that a political utopia will be reached through the mere process of getting everybody to contribute \$5 to a political committee. Elected officials respond to many pressures. Big money is only one of them.

Yet a successful candidate who receives the bulk of his expenses from a wide segment of the voters is less likely to feel the tug of the often-denounced but seldom-identified "special interests." And whether a candidate receives the major part of his campaign money from Sam Doakes or from the largest highway contractor in the state, the voter has a right to know about it before he goes into the polling booth.

A political contribution carries no stigma. Giving money is just as honorable a method of participating in politics as ringing doorbells. But there should be many more people giving it—and much more accurate and clear information about it.

A really deluxe model automobile can
keep you strapped without seat belts.

Harold Coffin.

We're Learning More About People

Time waits for no one, but it seems to women to pass more swiftly than it does to men



DOES TIME go by at a different speed for women than for men? Possibly it was an impatient psychologist who had agreed to meet his wife "in half an hour, in the shoe department" who first decided that the question should be investigated. Psychologists at Arizona State Teachers' college put the matter to a test. They asked more than 200 men and women to estimate various periods of time.

They found (better break this gently to our clock-watching friend in the shoe department) that time appears to pass much more *swiftly* for women than for men. Just why that should be so is something the scientists haven't figured out yet. But they'll keep working on it. It's just one of many fascinating questions about human nature which psychologists and sociologists have tackled recently. Here are a few of the other questions, with some of the surprising discoveries investigators have made.

Do blondes and redheads blush

more easily than brunettes do?

Yes. Studies show that blondes and redheads of both sexes blush more easily than brunettes. There are, of course, some dark-complexioned persons who blush very readily, but they are the exceptions. Science has found, by the way, that people in two age groups seldom blush at all: children under four, and persons over 60.

Do you need more sleep if you work with your mind than if you work with your muscles?

Yes. Colgate-university studies show that mental work is more fatiguing than physical work, and requires a longer sleep period for recuperation. Tests proved that the body can replenish physical energy almost twice as fast as it can restore mental and nervous energy.

Thus, other factors being equal, the mental worker will require appreciably more rest than the man who uses brawn rather than brains to make a living.

Can a person's hair actually turn white over night?

Until comparatively recently, medical authorities have regarded with extreme skepticism tales of hair suddenly whitening. It has been regarded, as a matter of fact, as a physiological impossibility. But the phenomenon has now been scientifically authenticated by numerous medical researchers. It can, and occasionally does, happen.

It is caused by extreme emotional shock. Exactly *how* it happens has not yet been fully determined, but after studying various cases such authorities as Dr. Hamilton Montgomery and Dr. Lee McCarthy have ascribed it to the rapid formation of microscopic air bubbles in the hair. There have also been medically documented cases where both eyebrows and beard have turned suddenly white.

Can thinking actually give you a headache?

Certainly. When a man says, "This problem is a real headache," he's probably telling the truth. Investigators from the Louisiana State university medical school have completed what is possibly the biggest

headache survey in history. They studied a cross-section of more than 6,000 people of every description, ranging from executives to ditch-diggers. They found that the more mental effort a man's work calls for, the more headaches he's likely to have.

Medical students averaged more headaches than persons in any other category. Executives ranked next. Lawyers ranked third. Just below them were professional men in general. Manual workers, on the other hand, came almost at the bottom of the list; and farmers averaged fewer headaches than men in any other occupation.

Do women go to plays and movies for the same reasons that men do?

Research shows that in most cases they do not. The majority of women go to movies for emotional release, and show a marked partiality for the type of picture which makes them cry. It has been found, on the other hand, that most men go to the movies purely for diversion, and prefer the most entertaining and absorbing pictures. Men who expressed a preference for sad plays or movies were in the minority.

Is it true that the people who take life the easiest live the longest?

No. Studies at New York university and elsewhere show that people who are the least active mentally

and physically age earlier, and are the most prone to disease. Research has shown also that just as lack of bodily activity has an adverse physical effect on us, failure to keep our minds actively engaged in mental work causes our mental powers to decline prematurely. It has been repeatedly shown that mental ability actually increases as a person grows older if he keeps his mind busy, and that the opposite is true for the mentally lazy person.

Do most spinsters remain unmarried because they actually prefer single blessedness, or because they can't find husbands?

To probe this question scientifically, psychologists at Northwestern university made a wide-scale study of confirmed spinsters. In confidential questionnaires, the women were asked if they would prefer to be married. The majority, 75%, answered with a Yes. (The Yes was frequently followed by an exclamation point.) This answer suggests that only about one spinster out of every four is single because she wishes to be. However, psychological studies also show that the average spinster is better capable of adjusting to the single life than the average bachelor is.

Does a person become less sensitive to pain as he grows older?

Yes. In a study by psychiatrist William P. Chapman, the pain reactions of hundreds of people of all ages were carefully tested. Chapman found that for most people, sensitivity to pain decreases with each birthday. His study showed, for example, that people in their 40's are 22% less sensitive to pain than people in their early 20's are.

Do people who have achieved material success tend to be less religious than those who have not achieved it?

Although success does in many cases cause people to neglect spiritual values, evidence seems to indicate that this tends to be the exception rather than the rule. Nationwide surveys have repeatedly shown that the percentage of regular churchgoers is highest among those Americans who have achieved success in their various callings, and also that the percentage is lowest among drifters, misfits, and ne'er-do-wells. It would appear that the successful man is quicker than the unsuccessful to realize that he makes himself poor indeed if he is neglectful of food for his soul.

The handwriting on the wall is usually a pretty good indication that the house is rented. Newburgh (N.Y.) News (9 Oct. '55).

By Sloan Wilson
Condensed from the
"New York Times Magazine"

The Woman in the Gray Flannel Suit

A husband and father sides with the psychiatrists, and says careers for girls are being overglamorized



WE MEN HAVE been awfully slow. I can easily foresee a day when women will briskly dress themselves in gray flannel suits every morning and dash off to work carrying brief cases, while the men are left behind to loll around the house in kimonos, smoking cigars and cussing as they do the dishes.

Or maybe both men and women will dash out to work, and some great 12-handed machine will stay home to mind the children. The only other solution I can think of is for men and women to take turns on careers. You have yours on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, honey. I'll take the rest of the week.

I think this is going to be horrible. Unless the 12-handed machine for the children can be developed soon, there is no choice but for men to become more motherly as women become more fatherly. The more I think about this, the more I wonder

whether women should be in business at all. Maybe even in 1956 the place for women is in the home.

This is obviously an unpopular conclusion. I don't like to have these stuffy old thoughts—they just keep coming. The trouble is I keep getting into deeper and deeper waters. If it's impossible for a woman to have both a wholehearted marriage and a wholehearted career—if, in fact, marriage and careers don't mix very well for women—what about the whole feminist movement in business?

More and more documentary evidence concerning this movement keeps coming my way. A booklet entitled *Women in Higher Level Positions*, published by the U. S. Department of Labor, estimates that there are more than 17 million wom-

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36, Jan. 15, 1956. © 1956 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

en with jobs in the U. S. Forty-four per cent are listed in the category, "Married, husbands present," and only 4% are in the category, "Married, husbands absent," so all men can't feel the way I do about this thing.

Some 860 of the ladies covered by the survey were in "higher-level positions"—vice presidents of corporations, and that sort of thing. The female executives interviewed had some sterling comments to make on how girls get ahead. "It was apparent that women who held the responsible jobs had taken a marked interest in their work and had made unusual attempts to be successful at it," the booklet said.

Well, fancy that! This certainly goes to show that women are finding out all the secrets nowadays. As far as I can see, not one lady in the lot had anything to say about feminine wiles.

Obviously, the women are trying to play the game under the men's rules. Schools and universities are doing all they can to help them.

It's no fun to find that one doesn't like the idea of women executives. It's like finding oneself an enemy of air travel, jazz, and vaccination. One can't just say that women should stay home. What are the exceptions?

All kinds of qualifications immediately came to mind. How about married women who don't have any children? Women whose children have grown up? Women who just

plain don't want to get married, or who haven't been asked? May their careers prosper. How about the fact that many women have to take jobs to keep a family together? Certainly no one can blame them.

How about the fact that some women find they are incapable of being happy without a career? Women of extraordinary ability which should not be kept from the world? High-powered individuals who have something like twice the energy of most women? Couldn't they devise ways to have both a successful career and marriage?

Maybe a few, I have been thinking, feeling very enlightened and reasonable. After all, no sane person would want to throw rocks at ladies, even those with careers.

Then the real nature of my misgivings came to me. What I object to is not women who have careers, but the theory that women should have careers, must have them, and that something is wrong with them if they do not. I know that my wife feels vaguely defeated whenever she writes "housewife" as her occupation and that a lot of other women do, too.

Young girls are steered into careers by schools and colleges. I know only a few junior misses who wish to grow up to be wives, and those few are treated condescendingly by their teachers. It seems to me that "careers for women" are being glamorized out of all proportion and that the work of a good

wife is being made to appear far more drab than it actually is.

Young girls should be told that there is more to being a housewife than eternal scrubbing and vacuum cleaning.

I know plenty of women who as the wives of successful men, learn more about investments, accounting, and upper-bracket public relations than 99% of the women in offices. There's happiness and money in marriage, girls! The retirement benefits and opportunities for travel are often excellent—at least as good as in most offices. Be an executive wife! The hours are long, but the rewards can be great.

I have two reasons for wanting to see this idea of the executive wife sold, as the saying goes, and sold hard. One reason is that male executives are obviously becoming more and more helpless in their personal lives nowadays and somebody has to take up the slack at home. To state the case in blunt terms, modern man needs an old-fashioned woman around the house. In other societies, a man can have a large group of wives, and the more successful the man, the more wives he is entitled to. We men of the West have gracefully accepted the limitation of one wife, but if all this career talk is going to reduce that one to a fraction, I don't know what we're going to do. Maybe it's time to rebel.

Another reason I have for promoting the advantages of executive

wifehood is that I have two daughters, and I'd hate to see them get into some of the offices where I've worked. When I was around New York, I saw all kinds of career girls—and many of them actually did wear gray flannel suits, and carry brief cases. They may have looked glamorous on the street, but most of the unmarried ones lived in lonely little walk-up apartments, and their social life consisted largely of going to the movies with girls like themselves.

One girl I knew used to sneak into the office to work late at night, simply because she had nothing else to do. Many were attractive women, but the city is a pitiless place for most unmarried girls once they get outside the family and social structure in which they have been brought up.

The married career women I knew weren't much better off for long. While they didn't have children, life was gay. The trouble usually came with the first pregnancy. Should the girl quit her job permanently or not? If the answer was Yes, a painful reduction of the family's standard of living usually was necessary at a time of maximum expense; and some of the girls had got so used to office clatter that they had pathetic difficulty in adjusting themselves to a quiet apartment. If they decided to hang onto their jobs, the endless search for nursemaids commenced. As the couples grew older, the semifulfilled mother and

the harried husband often showed signs of strain. I wouldn't want to see my daughters get into anything like that.

When one comes right down to it, the basic situation seems to be that two of the main streams of modern thought about women are directly opposed to each other, and the resulting collision spells unhappiness for many people. On one hand, we have the whole feminist movement, outside of business as well as in it. Women should be independent, we are told. On the other hand, we have many findings of psychiatrists which seem to indicate that women can find happiness only by accepting their role in life.

A psychiatrist friend of mine claims that one of the great troubles of the world is that men are becoming more and more feminine and that women are becoming more and more masculine. The feminization of men started when they began to shave off their beards, he claims, and is continuing to the point where mothers are becoming the actual heads of most families—the

ones who do the managing, and make most of the important decisions.

The real trouble with Mom is that she's a man in most of her reactions, he says, and the trouble with Dear Old Dad is that he's beginning to like it.

One thing does appear clear to me: almost everything psychiatry has to say about children emphasizes the importance of a warm atmosphere in the home and a loving mother who has plenty of time to give to her sons and daughters.

A lot of the theories of psychiatrists seem to buck traditional thought, but one thing they have done is to prove pretty conclusively that the hand that rocks the cradle really does rule the world. How this whole line of reasoning can be reconciled with the growing conviction that modern women should have careers outside the home and that being a housewife isn't quite admirable, I have no idea. I don't want to see either of my daughters get caught in the middle. I think they ought to leave the ulcers to the men.



TRUE REPENTANCE

A man whose physician had placed him on a strict diet succumbed to temptation and ate two large pieces of pie. The next morning he was in such agony that he had to remain in bed.

A friend took him some fruit, and after listening to his complaints remarked, "Why, my dear fellow, you're not afraid to die, are you?"

"No," groaned the man, "I'm not afraid to, but I'm ashamed to."

Sunday Digest (8 Jan. '56).

When a Boy Needs a Big Brother

Unselfish men are providing friendship and guidance for fatherless boys

CHUCK, A HUSKY 16-year-old, stood before the bench in Chicago's Juvenile court with a sullen, belligerent air that obviously annoyed the presiding judge.

"We grabbed him behind a grocery," a policeman testified. "It was after midnight, and he had a jimmy."

The judge looked at Chuck and then at the juvenile officer's report spread out before him. It covered the last four years: truancy, curfew violations, breaking windows. Now, attempted burglary. After this —?

Something else caught the judge's attention: a note on Chuck's father. He had been sentenced to a long prison term four years earlier, shortly before Chuck's delinquency began.

The judge's expression softened. "Son, I think I know what's wrong here," he said quietly. "I'm placing you under supervision of the Big Brothers."

Chuck was lucky to get such a break. Today he knows it. He not only escaped a reformatory term and the stigma of a police record, but he found himself in the understanding



hands of a little-known group of men who were both able and eager to help him.

Chuck became a "Little Brother," one of 2,500 youths aided last year by the Big Brother committee of the Chicago Holy Name society. All those boys, ranging in age from eight to 21, were in trouble with the police and they were badly in need of a fatherly kind of adult guidance.

It could be said that all were fatherless in a way. Some dads were in prison or had deserted their families. Others were indifferent, or

were too busy at their jobs to give attention to their sons. A few were good men, but confused; they confessed an inability to cope with their sons' actions and welcomed outside help.

Chuck's assignment to a Big Brother wasn't made on a hit-or-miss basis. He and his mother were carefully interviewed by James N. Sullivan, the group's veteran social-service* director, an expert in his field, who understands the mysterious ways of frisky boys. Sullivan was able to draw from Chuck a number of facts which helped explain his delinquent behavior.

As with most Little Brothers, Chuck's urgent problem was lack of any parental or other adult guidance. His father was in prison, yes, but Chuck had never known him very well, anyway. His mother worked evenings as a cleaning woman in a Loop building. She had suspected nothing about his activities until he was arrested. Now she was distraught.

Sullivan also learned that Chuck had been spending his evenings with a gang of older boys. They went on nightly sprees of mischief and petty thievery in which Chuck did his best to impress the older boys.

He said that he liked all sports, but that in his neighborhood there was little chance to take part in any.

After the interview, Chuck was given a routine physical examination by the group's physician, who

pronounced him in good health. This report was important, because delinquency is often traced to physical handicaps like ugly teeth, weak eyesight, or defective hearing.

Finally, Chuck was assigned to Big Brother Mike, a husky man of 46, who lived in Chuck's parish. Mike had three grown boys of his own, and understood kids. One of the reasons Chuck and Mike were paired was their mutual interest in sports. Mike had once played semi-pro ball and was an ardent outdoorsman.

The two first met in Chuck's home with his mother present. "A first meeting always seems like a failure," Mike says. "The boy is uncomfortable, nervous, resentful of what he suspects is some new kind of authority."

So Mike carried the conversational ball, trying to break the ice, and they talked about sports. Mike mentioned a couple of big-leaguers he knew slightly, and this got a spark of interest out of Chuck. When they broke up, Mike made a date to take Chuck to a White Sox game that coming Saturday.

A Big Brother never breaks a promise to his Little Brother: Mike picked up Chuck on schedule. It was a good game. The pair ate hot dogs and drank pop. But Mike still sensed Chuck's tension. He wasn't discouraged; he knew that the ice-breaking process often took weeks.

It was when a high foul ball came their way and Mike made an

easy one-handed catch of it that the stiffness between the pair vanished suddenly. "What a catch!" Chuck yelped admiringly. And that was that. They were friends, grinning at each other.

Mike gave Chuck the ball, and after the game they went down to the dugout and got one of the players to autograph it. It was Chuck's first autographed ball, and he clutched it tightly on the way home.

"But you don't change a wild kid just by taking him to a ball game," says Big Brother Mike. "What you do is keep putting across the idea that you're his friend and always ready to help him. You'll never betray his confidence; you believe in him and think he's okay."

Mike adds, "The day your phone rings and it's your Little Brother calling you—even if it's from a police station!—then you really know you are accepted. Maybe he wants you to help him get a part-time job, or he wonders about changing a school subject. Little things, but important to him. And so are you. That's why he called."

Being a Big Brother is not easy. Neither is the job of finding suitable candidates for the work. Every prospective Big Brother is himself carefully examined by the social-service director. He must lead an exemplary religious life. He must possess a combination of qualities: a keen mind, good common sense, a real sense of humor. He must believe in his fellow man, must have

no trace of a holier-than-thou attitude. He must have endless patience and a wealth of forgiveness for those times when his Little Brother may slip back into trouble again. Most of all, he must like and understand boys.

A Big Brother must be able to devote his time to steering Little Brothers away from mischief and into sports and other kinds of recreation: fishing and hunting trips, swimming, hiking, summer camping. He will encourage the boy to quit his street gang and join a boys' club, help him obtain a part-time job, to remove temptations to petty thievery. A Big Brother's success depends mainly on his own conduct, for after a while the boy will tend to imitate him.

Although the Chicago Big Brothers movement has been active for 40 years, it is not the oldest group. Big Brothers was first organized in 1905 by Ernest K. Coulter, clerk of the New York City Children's court, who had been appalled by seeing in court, again and again, the same youthful offenders. Invariably, he noted, they were fatherless or had shiftless fathers.

He resolved to do something about it. The movement he started caught on. Last year, a record 1,750 boys were handled by the city's 1,300 Big Brothers.

Meanwhile, other Big Brother movements were started in 30 additional cities in the U. S. and Canada. Today, many of the groups are

federated under the banner of Big Brothers of America to exchange valuable information and experiences with each other.

Others, like the Chicago group financed entirely by the Holy Name society, are supported by some religious group, and remain independent. All, however, try to follow the pattern of "one man, one boy," and their activities remain strikingly similar.

In some cities the programs are small and desperately in need of money and volunteers. The St. Louis, Mo., Big Brothers, who handle only fatherless boys, have had to get along on a budget of less than \$15,000 yearly, most of it contributed by the Community Fund. Last year they could handle fewer than 100 Little Brothers, though hundreds of other boys were in real need.

But enlisting Big Brothers of the right caliber is an even greater problem. "We are reluctant to use mass media to recruit Big Brothers," says Juergen de Riel, St. Louis secretary. "We follow the theory that one good man leads to another."

De Riel is not so much seeking men experienced in supervising

boys as those who have raised their own and have a genuine affection for boys. "Big Brothers," he points out, "were never intended to provide all the answers, but to fill one urgent need that nobody else could or would fill."

Cleveland is another city where the Big Brother movement is achieving good results. Says Director Ben Ledsky, "Visualize a group leader in a church, school, or club program, dividing himself among 20 or 30 boys and spreading himself pretty thin. If you imagine this man concentrating his warmth and affection on one boy, not just any boy, but a particular boy who needs him badly, you can understand why great success is attained in so many Big Brother cases."

The costs of the Big Brother programs are surprisingly small. It requires about \$3,000 a year to maintain one boy in a state reformatory, and his chances of reform are doubtful. Big Brother groups achieve 90% success at a cost varying between \$50 and \$75 for each boy.

That would be about the price of the boy's first revolver if he had become a professional bandit.



FORESIGHT

And then there was the fellow who, after reading *Bridey Murphy*, became so taken with the idea of reincarnation that he changed his will, making himself the sole heir.

E. E. Kenyon in the *American Weekly* (22 April '56).

By Lotte Adenauer as told to Kurt Singer
*Condensed from "Think"**

My Father, Konrad Adenauer

*At 80, the great German statesman sets
a pace that wears out younger men*

MY FATHER, Konrad Adenauer, was 73 years old when he took office as chancellor of the Federal German Republic. Now he is 80. But I have seldom known him to be as vigorous, flexible, and energetic as he has been during these recent years, with all their cares and disputes and struggles. And he has not grown away from us, his family and friends, during his term of office. He has remained close to us, taking an amazingly active interest in ordinary affairs of family life, though we have necessarily seen less of him than formerly.

"I won't need an alarm clock; haven't used one for years," my father said one night to a hotel manager in Hamburg. The manager looked at him in astonishment. But it was quite true. He still is the first up in the morning, without benefit of an alarm clock. His working day begins at 6 A.M. By the time other people rise he has already gone through a pile of documents or, in perfect peace and quiet, thought over all aspects of a political problem. He has been known



to telephone a close associate around 7 A.M., to say, "You know, I've just been thinking that matter over, and I think we'll do it this way."

By the time the first mail arrives he has already read the newspapers. Between 7 and 8:30 his car drives up. There are three cars, in fact. In front, two detectives ride in an open car. Then comes the chancellor's black car, and behind rolls a Mercedes, which contains complete radio-receiving and sending equipment. My father doesn't much care for these guardians, but they are considered essential. At least, that is the opinion of the security service ever since the time they learned of a plan to assassinate him on the

*590 Madison Ave., New York City 22. April, 1956. © 1956 by International Business Machines Corp., and reprinted with permission.

way to his office. Shortly after 9 A.M. the first conferences usually begin in the chancellor's office at Schaumburg palace, in Bonn.

One of my deepest early impressions of my father is the memory of a trip to Berlin from Cologne. Today I know what at the time (I was only six then) I could only vaguely understand: that my father, as mayor of Cologne, was a well-known person and an opponent of the nazis. They wished to end his work as mayor.

He remained in Berlin until the end of April. Then he sought refuge in the Benedictine monastery of Maria Laach, where Abbot Ildefons, a boyhood friend of his, was in charge. My father was arrested in connection with the Roehm purge in 1934, but then was released again. Afterwards we moved to Rhöndorf in the Siebengebirge. We spent the years there in absolute retirement. My father devoted himself to his family and his garden. He has always been an enthusiastic gardener.

For nine months of that period he was expelled from Rhöndorf and ordered to reside outside the Cologne administrative district. At that time he lived in near-by Unkel, on the Rhine. We visited him frequently. At Christmas, 1934, he was permitted to spend three days at home with his family. It was a great sorrow for us all when in August, 1944, shortly before the war ended, he was arrested again. At first, he

was in a concentration camp near Cologne, and later spent several months in a Gestapo prison in Brauweiler.

At the end of the war, the British reappointed him mayor of Cologne, but then removed him from office again. At the request of friends, he began devoting himself entirely to politics. He organized the CDU (Christian Democratic Union), and as a result had to do a great deal of traveling: to Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Hanover, Braunschweig, Kiel. He usually set out with a thermos bottle and sandwiches. In winter he took his own blankets. He often had to sleep on couches in unheated rooms.

When we had a half hour or so to spend together late in the evening, the political struggle would be put aside. Then he would ask about my brother's school work, or my own. He wanted then (and still does today) to talk about something other than politics: whether the garden had been weeded, how the hens were laying, or how the sheep were doing.

Nowadays, of course, my father does not have much time at home. Let us take a "normal day" at his office. Around ten o'clock, some diplomat will come to see him. Half an hour later, the chancellor talks with two *Bundestag* deputies or receives a report on some current problem. At 11 o'clock the Minister for Agriculture comes in. Fifteen minutes later, he has a lengthy con-

versation with a trade-union official.

In between, the chancellor may have a cup of tea or coffee. Then follow dictation, telephone calls, and the mail. By now, it is past 1 P.M.

The afternoon proceeds like the morning: talks, conferences, receptions. These conferences are often followed by discussions with close associates. Meanwhile, important telegrams have come from abroad. Some have to be dealt with at once.

The calendar for the day may read, "7:30 P.M.: Depart for a speech in. . . ." The car drives up to the door punctually. At 8 o'clock, Chancellor Adenauer stands on a platform and expounds political ideas. He talks for perhaps an hour and a half. Returning home, he often finds important papers or phone calls awaiting him. About 11 o'clock, he goes to bed.

My father simply refuses to acknowledge that his life involves continuous tension. He knows what he can expect of himself, and carefully practices what he considers physical moderation. His strength, though, does seem to exceed that of most people his age. His associates, who have to keep pace with him, think so.

"Mr. Chancellor, what are your hobbies?" an American reporter asked my father on his visit to the U.S. In Germany, too, he is frequently asked that question. And reporters who have not had the courage to question him directly

have asked his associates. But they are always forced to shake their heads, for he has no hobbies in the true sense of the word.

My father's fondness for flowers, especially for roses, is a great deal more than a hobby. It springs from a genuine closeness to nature, from his interest in botany, from a highly cultivated sense of beauty. It fulfills a personal need for activity outside the round of daily tasks. He has a rock garden on the slope of a hill in Rhöndorf, below the Drachenfels, that he found time to lay out himself.

Innate understanding and a cultivated taste for good painting have made the chancellor an expert critic and collector. Occasionally you will come across a picture standing on the floor in the living room, beside the couch or the old photograph-laden secretary desk. The picture is either a new acquisition or one that a friend or art dealer has sent him for an opinion. He says that quiet contemplation of painting helps to renew his strength for his daily tasks.

Father also seeks and finds strength in music. For years he lacked the time for concerts. But he steals a free evening now and then, or a free hour, to play the phonograph. He has a fine collection of Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, and his favorite Schubert songs.

His sober style of clothing is a part of the manner of life which

relatives and friends characterize as "disciplined and sensible." He never smokes. Only occasionally will he take a bottle of good white Rhine wine. He appreciates good food, but eats lightly.

His doctors have no reason, indeed, to be displeased with him with respect to diet. But that cannot be said for the strenuous activities in which he engages. The doctors say that he is squandering his energy. But the chancellor appears deaf to their warnings. Every minute in his long day is filled. He is often in a hurry; but he never harries subordinates, though he demands a great deal of them. In the wildest turmoil, his associates say, he always shows an amazing calmness.

His chauffeur, Old Schumacher, has no peace, however. As far as the chancellor is concerned, the chauffeur cannot bear down hard enough on the accelerator. Tires scream as his Mercedes takes the curves along the Rhine highway. Headlights slash the night. Schumacher is staring hard at the road. The speedometer reads 75.

The man sitting in the back is unmoved by the speed. He looks at his watch. Then he taps his chauffeur on the shoulder. "Look, Schumacher, can't you make it a bit faster?"

"But sir, we're going 75 now!"

"I didn't ask you how fast you are going, but whether you can't go faster."

"Can't you make it faster?" has become almost a proverbial phrase among my father's associates. To the chancellor, a good many things are not done fast enough.

In the period between 1946 and 1948, father was always aware of how crucial the period was for the shaping of the new state of Germany and for Europe. "Right now the switches are being thrown," he said more than once. That may be one of the reasons he has never spared himself.

His chauffeur, however, has never been altogether sympathetic with the pace father kept up. That came out in a remark Schumacher once made in Cologne. The chauffeur was standing by the car in front of the building which housed the CDU top leadership in the British zone. Father had already gone into the building for a conference when the Cologne district president arrived. The official asked the chancellor's chauffeur why he was looking so gloomy.

"Well, you know, sir, before long Dr. Adenauer is going to wear out the car, me, and himself."

In 1946-47 the office of the president of the Christian Democratic party was in Cologne, on Herwarthstrasse. Above father's office were apartments. In one of these lived an old woman. One day she was trying to carry two pails of coal upstairs from the cellar when suddenly she heard footsteps behind her. A man took the pails out of her hands and

tramped briskly up the stairs with them. At the top landing he turned around, and she realized that it was father who had carried the coal for her.

"Please don't tell," he said. "Otherwise the young folks will think that I'm simply trying to compete with them."

I will never forget something my father once told me. "I believe a good man of politics must know a great deal, work hard, and have respect for the opinions of others, even if he does not share those opinions. He must love his people and must be prepared to offer other nations the same regard and ap-

preciation which he demands for his own."

These are words of a statesman. His love for democracy is not new. Only a few people recall how father addressed the convention of German mayors in 1930, telling them that they must never betray democracy, and that they should resist Hitler. I'm still proud of his courage in the face of the growing nazi power. He declared, "I consider democracy the only possible form in which so great and cultured a nation as the German nation can govern itself." Father has never changed his mind on the ideal of a free, democratic Germany and world.

• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish every morning, a police detective joins the knot of commuters who wait at our bus stop. He always stands a little apart from the rest of us, and seldom joins in the conversation. And every morning, without fail, he keeps his right hand in his coat pocket.

One morning I asked him, "Is your job so dangerous that you have to keep your hand on your 'protector' all the time?"

"It is," he answered. He pulled out a rosary, and said, "That's the best protector there is."

Michael Yancowsky.



In our parish, my father had asked our assistant pastor to stop in and bless our new automobile whenever it was convenient. After Mass one morning we returned to the car, and found a sticker on the windshield. It read, "I have been blessed. Please treat me accordingly!"

Sue Waters.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

I'm in Chicago's Paulist Choir

*Father O'Malley, the prototype
of the priest of 'Going My
Way,' believes in perfection*



EVERY YEAR, music lovers pay fancy prices to hear the 100 Paulist Choristers of Chicago sing in great auditoriums. But I hear them every week, for nothing. For 22 years, off and on, I've been booming along in the back row, doing what I could to help hold up the second-bass line.

I first heard the choir in 1932. As the boys' voices, blending like organ pipes, rose to a high climax in Grieg's *Ave Maris Stella*, I felt a spiritual elation that stirred me in a manner I can't describe. It was innocence translated into sound.

Two months later, I dropped in at Chicago's Old St. Mary's church for a tryout. Father Eugene F. O'Malley, the choir's conductor, was tuning up his sopranos as I arrived in the hall, a little narrow room under the church. It was lined with old-fashioned wooden stalls carved with the initials of a thousand departed choir boys.

I was astonished at the rehearsal

procedure, which is the same to this day, and still carried on in the same small room. Father O'Malley had seemed tense in concert performance, but I had not been prepared for the shouting, gesticulating dynamo who bounced on the piano stool, playing the accompaniment with his left hand as he pointed with the other at unlucky youngsters he accused of being off pitch.

To my own uneducated ear, the first and second sopranos appeared to be in perfect thirds in the beautiful opening movement of Rachmaninoff's *Praise Ye the Lord*. But the shirt-sleeved priest, perspiring with his collar open, started and stopped the music a dozen times, shrieking the names of boys who had missed their leads or intervals, or who had let their attention wander for a split second.

*858 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 10, Ill. April, 1955. © 1955 by Contemporary Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

As the men arrived, the general rehearsal of all voices began, and I sat in the back row. Unlike the simple glee-club music I knew, the scores rehearsed included old English madrigals, a fast-moving Bach fugue, and polyphonic motets. There were songs in six or eight different languages. I was ready to throw in the sponge then and there.

After the rehearsal, Father O'Malley ran me up and down the scale on "Ah."

"You have a good voice," he said. "It is defective at the top. You should study and clear it up. Can you read at all? Try this Kyrie."

I tried. I failed.

"One of our basses gives lessons," Father said. "See him, and come to rehearsal. In about a month, you will be ready to sing with the choir."

So I took lessons for a year, and the top of my voice went up almost half an octave. At rehearsals I soaked up the repertory in spite of myself. There were five other second basses, and the six of us made more than enough sound to balance off six baritones, 15 tenors, 20 countertenors, and about 50 sopranos.

As I absorbed the repertory, I gradually learned the choir's history. It had been founded in 1904 by Father William J. Finn, who was introduced from the floor on Ed Sullivan's TV show recently.

Father Finn, not yet ordained, was still plain Mr. Finn when he came to Chicago and sent out a call

for volunteers for a boy choir. Only one little boy, nine years old, answered the call.

The Christian Brothers of De La Salle High school supplied some more candidates, and also the first robes used. Father Finn's new choir developed so rapidly that he entered the concert arena only three years later. Soloist at the first concert in Chicago's Orchestra hall was a youngster who is now Msgr. James Kearn, pastor of St. Matthew's church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

As the choristers' fame grew, they began touring. In 1910 they won first prize in a national choir contest in Philadelphia. In 1912 they went to Europe, sang for Pope St. Pius X, and won first prize against the greatest choirs of the world in a competition at Paris.

In 1918, while touring North America to raise money for stricken France, the choir lost its regular accompanist in Helena, Mont., where she came down with a sudden illness. Eugene O'Malley at that time had just moved up from the soprano to the countertenor section, a boy of 16 who hoped someday to become a pianist.

"Let's see if those lessons have done you any good," Father Finn told him. "Tonight you are the accompanist of the Paulist choir."

Young O'Malley was a conspicuous success. When Father Finn went to New York to found a new Paulist choir in 1918, he took

O'Malley along as assistant director. He became a boy prodigy of the musical world, founded a choir of his own, and made a name as an organist.

Still in his teens, he felt that he had to decide whether to become a professional musician or a priest. His difficult choice was to give up music and his worldly successes, and enter the priesthood. This situation was to suggest the central theme of a movie, *Going My Way*, which starred Bing Crosby some years ago as Father O'Malley. But in 1925 he learned he was destined for a musical career after all.

The Paulist superior general told him to go to Europe to study. The Order spared no expense. He studied Gregorian chant as the last private pupil of the aged Dom Mocquereau of the Abbey of Solesmes, then the world's greatest authority on Gregorian chant. He studied in London under Sir Richard Terry, choir-master of Westminster cathedral. He worked with Joseph Bonnet, the great French organist, and studied polyphony with Monsignor Casimiri in Rome. He listened to every great boy choir in the world, and learned. "And Father Finn," he adds. "I had a great teacher, too, in Father Finn."

In 1928, he returned to conduct the choir in which he once had been a soprano. A few old-timers recognized the slender cleric who faced them. Before the evening was over, they knew who was in charge.

Now, at 53, Father O'Malley has completely white hair and an unfurrowed brow. His bearing is more relaxed than it was 20 years ago. He is a man with two personalities. One, the intense musicmaster whom the boys fear and obey; the other, the man himself, kindly and brilliant.

In 1953 Father O'Malley celebrated his silver jubilee as conductor. The city of Chicago presented him with a laudatory resolution introduced by Alderman P. J. (Parky) Cullerton, a one-time probationer in the soprano section. President Eisenhower sent him a note of congratulation from the White House. Pope Pius XII rounded out the festive year by honoring Father O'Malley with the papal medal *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*.

In his 28 years as conductor, Father O'Malley has kept the choir at its pitch of excellence with 16 hours of rehearsal a week. The choristers include newspapermen, laborers, lawyers, doctors, teamsters, storekeepers. The sopranos come from all kinds of backgrounds, too. Any boy may join at the age of nine, if his voice is clear and healthy in audition, and if there is a vacancy in the 20-boy probationers' section. Probation can last up to two years, after which successful boys are promoted to the choir. There they get no special consideration, but go right into rehearsal with the already well-disciplined older sopranos.

Father O'Malley never talks down to them. His address is a combination of their own jargon ("Okay, you're dragging it up, and I'm trying to get you to stop it") and undiluted musical terminology ("Watch your production. Just about a mezzo forte."). His only demands on their outside life are that they take care to avoid catching cold and straining the voice. The warnings and intense instructions he gives are tempestuous, sometimes even ferocious. The few compliments come in a gentle voice.

Every summer, the boys spend two months at camp in northern Wisconsin, where they relax and study. There, Father O'Malley rehearses them every day, and between rehearsals looks in on their strenuous sports to stop their shouting. The boys respect him completely, and the relationship between the priest and his choristers, both old and young, is warm.

A friend of mine once surprised me with a description of his own feeling about the choir. "It gives me

a lift," he said. "I can't describe it. But when I hear those kids, I forget everything else, and I know for sure there is a heaven."

I knew what he was talking about. It was the same emotional experience I had felt when I first heard the choir. After 22 years, I still feel it when Father O'Malley silences the tenors, basses, and countertenors at the Gradual of the Mass and leads the sopranos soaring by themselves in an *Alleluia* he himself wrote.

Maybe there is a clue to it in the theme song of the choir, a simple and beautiful setting of the *Emitte Spiritum Tuum* by Francis Joseph Schuetky, that the choir has made famous.

Every Catholic schoolboy knows the English prayer to the Holy Ghost. It starts, "Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of the faithful," and ends, "Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." That's the way I feel when I hear those children sing. God will regenerate our hearts and renew the face of the earth.

CENSORSHIP

A man appeared at the box office of a movie theater and bought two tickets. A few minutes later he returned, and bought two more. When, after a short interval, he appeared a third time and offered to pay for two more, the girl opened the little door in the glass and spoke up. "Aren't you the gentleman who just bought two tickets—and two others just a little while back?" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes," the man replied plaintively, "but there's some fool inside who keeps tearing them up!"

Samuel Holmes.

We Need Those Famous Sayings

*It's time to debunk
the history debunkers*

"**I**F THEY had used today's history books 40 years ago I certainly wouldn't be a history teacher now. Our old schoolbooks were full of anecdotes, thrilling episodes, and famous sayings that made history seem full of excitement and inspiration. The flesh and blood is gone now."

I'm quoting the chairman of the history department of a large city high school. She, and other history teachers with whom I was talking, had just shed some startling light on today's methods of teaching American history to the youngsters in our schools.

I teach history myself, and I had been puzzled and disturbed to find that, out of nearly 500 high-school students in my own classes, fewer than a dozen could tell me who said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" But my department head told me that there was nothing unusual in this.

A child going to school before the 1st World War who didn't recognize this quotation would have been sent to the bottom of the class. The textbooks of the time were filled with true stories of heroes and



heroic deeds, of gallant actions and brave utterances.

But the flesh and blood began to go out of our history books right after the 1st World War. The period between the two great wars became a golden age for the cynic and the debunker. Patriotism became corny. Novelist Rupert Hughes turned "historian" to show that George Washington was a cold, undemocratic aristocrat. No foreign power could heap half the abuse upon us that we heaped upon ourselves and our national policies and motives. Military preparedness, especially, became passé.

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Jan. 22, 1956. © 1956 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

Finally, during the 20's, and particularly, during the depression-ridden 30's, it became increasingly popular, even for non-Marxist historians, to explain individual and national actions in terms of economic motivation. The bravery of the Minutemen at Lexington was unimportant to historians whose attention was concentrated on the ideas of New England merchants.

DO YOUR KIDS KNOW THESE GREAT SAYINGS? —DO YOU?

The author searched for these five famous sayings in 14 old (pre-1920) history texts. He found No. 1 in 11, No. 2 in 9, No. 3 in 7, No. 4 in 13 and No. 5 in 12. Then he looked through 45 modern texts. He found No. 1 in only 1, No. 2 in none, No. 3 in none. No. 4 in 2, No. 5 in 3. So, as you can see, they've just about disappeared from school. Do your kids know who said each? Do you? If not, turn the page for the answers.

1. "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."
2. "I have not yet begun to fight!"
3. "We have met the enemy and they are ours."
4. "Don't give up the ship!"
5. "Give me liberty or give me death!"

The stirring tales that every child once knew rapidly dropped out of the texts. Although they had been worth a thousand brass bands in instilling pride of country, nothing appeared to take their place.

The modern histories give but brief mention to John Paul Jones, our great Revolutionary sea fighter. Yet he gave the young American navy what has been called "a baptism of glory" when his ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*, was attacked by the British warship *Serapis*. When the *Richard* was sinking, abandoned by one of the supporting ships, treacherously fired upon by another, the captain of the *Serapis* called upon Jones to surrender. Cried Jones, "I have not yet begun to fight!" and went on to victory.

All our national crises seem to have had their rallying cries. The War of 1812, for example, receives but brief mention in today's histories, so many of us have never heard about Oliver Hazard Perry's laconic dispatch after his victory on Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Or James Lawrence's words, earlier in the same war, as he was carried below decks, dying, "Don't give up the ship!" I found no mention of either saying in any of 45 current histories.

The Spanish-American war was short, but it enriched our folk lore and language. Even if we don't know that Admiral Dewey said it at Manila bay, most of us have some

gleam of recognition when we hear, "You can fire when you are ready, Gridley." Catchy, but hardly to be compared with what Lieutenant Ord, who led his men up San Juan hill, shouted as he fell, "All who are brave follow me!"

There's capsule review of our early history in the words, "Lafayette, we are here," uttered on the arrival of our troops in France in 1917. They expressed briefly and dramatically our debt to the French for their help in our War of Independence. The fact that it was Col. C. E. Stanton who said it, rather than General Pershing (as is commonly believed) does not detract from its effectiveness.

Even the 2nd World War gave us our share of memorable deeds to cherish. Who did not thrill to the brave defiance of Brig. Gen. Anthony McAuliffe who, when his entire command was surrounded at Bastogne, replied to surrender demands with a typical American "Nuts!" Does his story appear in your child's history textbook? Chances are that it doesn't.

The old texts carried not only the battle cries and epigrams, but whole incidents full of pride and glory. Here is a typical selection from a schoolbook of the 90's.

"In 1889, there was a native uprising at Samoa, in the South Pacific. The U. S., Britain, and Germany sent warships, which anchored in the harbor at Apia.

"One day a heavy storm came up.

The vessels dragged their anchors and four warships and ten other craft were wrecked. Nearly 150 seamen lost their lives. At the height of the hurricane, the captain of the British cruiser *Calliope* decided that the only way to save his vessel was to make a run for the open sea.

"To leave the harbor, the *Calliope* had to pass between the reef and the American flagship, the *Trenton*. The *Trenton's* fires had gone out and she lay helpless, almost in the path of the *Calliope*. Four hundred men crowded the *Trenton's* decks, and, although they themselves faced death, their thoughts were for the brave crew of the *Calliope*. As the *Calliope* passed safely by, a shout went up from the *Trenton*, 'Three cheers for the *Calliope*!' The *Calliope's* captain later said, 'Those ringing cheers made us work to win . . . God bless America and her noble sailors!' When the story reached America and England it created a wave of friendly feeling between the two countries."

Gallantry is infectious. Let's put these brave tales back in our history books for the benefit of our children.

ANSWERS

1. Nathan Hale
2. John Paul Jones
3. Oliver Hazard Perry
4. Captain James Lawrence
5. Patrick Henry

By Leonard F. Hilts
*Condensed from "Popular Mechanics"**

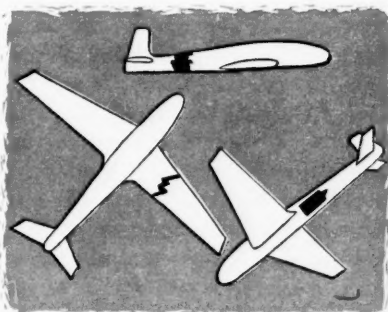
The Air-Disaster Detectives

They use Dragnet-like techniques to eliminate danger from air travel; they read wreckage instead of books

AS SHE WASHED the dinner dishes on the evening of Nov. 1, 1955, a farm housewife in northern Colorado absently listened to the drone of a plane overhead. Her home was in line with a busy airway, and the sound was a familiar, comfortable one. Suddenly the drone was cut off by a thunderous, window-rattling explosion. The woman and her husband rushed out of the house and across the yard, afraid even to guess what had happened.

There in the deepening shadows of early evening, not a half a mile away, a giant airliner had plunged into a sugar-beet field. A second explosion split the air; the ground shook under their feet. A brilliant flare floated slowly to earth, its eerie white light making the landscape stark and unreal.

Breaking from the grip of horror, the woman rushed into the house. Her call to the Colorado state troopers was the first notice that the nation had suffered a major air tragedy, more ghastly and bizarre than any before it. The trooper dis-



patched all available men to the scene, then located a telephone number that state police in all 48 states keep posted in plain sight: the emergency number of the Bureau of Safety Investigation of the Civil Aeronautics board in Washington, D. C.

The CAB's safety investigators, 18 men at field offices around the country and 27 on constant alert in Washington, are one of the world's most unusual and efficient detective forces. They are the Scotland Yard of American aviation. The techniques they have developed for uncovering the causes of plane crashes

*200 E. Ontario St., Chicago 11, Ill. April, 1956. © 1956 by Popular Mechanics Co., and reprinted with permission.

have been so effective that of the 70 fatal air accidents in scheduled passenger operations during the last ten years, only six remain unsolved; and three of those could not be investigated because the planes were swallowed up by the sea.

The CAB men have a twofold job: to find out why an accident occurred, and to see that the cause is eliminated, to prevent new accidents. There has never been a repeat accident once the CAB sleuths have found the cause of a fatal crash involving mechanical failure. Because of their findings, aircraft designs have been changed, pilot procedures revised, overhaul and maintenance techniques revamped. Airlines and aircraft manufacturers work closely with CAB.

The trooper's call from Colorado was switched to the home of William K. Andrews, bureau director. As he made phone contact with his investigators, more specific details on the accident came in. The plane, a United Air Lines' DC-6B had left Denver and headed north over the flat plateau just east of the Rockies. Near Longmont, Colo., 35 miles north of Denver, it had exploded in mid-air. All 44 of the crew and passengers were dead.

Andrews made call after call. By morning, an "investigator in charge" had set up CAB headquarters. Other investigators reported to him on arrival and were assigned to investigating teams. The interviewing team began a house-to-house sur-

vey, talking to everyone along the flight path of the plane. All passengers on the plane at any time in its flight from New York to Denver and all witnesses to the accident were interviewed.

Gradually, a pattern emerged. The flight from New York had been uneventful, the take-off at Denver normal. But suddenly there had been a bright flash, followed by an explosion; then another flash as the emergency flares were set off. The airliner, its engines still roaring, tumbled from the sky. Wings, tail, and the main portion of the fuselage hit in different places.

Investigators studied the pattern of the wreckage. A surveying company was called. Using the line of flight as a base, they divided the wreckage area—2,500 by 10,252 feet—into 1,000-foot areas. Close to the main wreckage, the squares were 500 feet. Marked off with rope, the squares were also drawn on a large map. As each piece of debris was identified, it was tagged as to its location in a square, providing an accurate wreckage-distribution chart for study. Army planes took aerial pictures.

CAB men noted that wreckage strewn to the left side of the flight path contained parts of the right engine and wing. Wreckage to the right had parts from the left side. The tail section, almost intact, was at the back of the wreckage area, almost two miles from the fuselage. The fact that it had separated from

the plane as a whole piece and was so far from the cabin was significant.

Engine specialists determined by examining the engines and propellers that the plane was in a normal, steady climb at the time of the explosion. There was no evidence that the pilot had any difficulty or had taken any emergency steps.

CAB investigators learn to read wreckage as the average person reads a book. When trying to determine whether an engine was developing power at the time of impact, for example, they look at the propeller. They judge the blade damage in general, the location of breakage and direction of blade bending, and the type of terrain or objects struck by the propeller. A rule of thumb is that the blades bent or broken in a forward direction indicate the engine was under power and high rpm. Blades broken or bent in the direction of the tail indicate the power was off when the engine hit.

Torn and twisted metal tells a story, too. A fatigue failure in metal leaves a clamshell pattern on the broken end, while a piece breaking under tension is narrowed at the point of break, with a cup-cone formation and a velvety appearance. A shear failure produces a surface that looks like cake sliced with a dull knife.

Investigators are wary of instrument readings, because these may change on impact. The settings of

cockpit switches are more reliable, and the parts of the hydraulic system are good indicators of conditions aboard.

Even when a plane has burned, investigators can see whether a fire in flight caused the accident or whether the fire followed impact. And usually they can spot the source of an in-flight fire. If all smoke streaks are vertical, the fire occurred after impact. Nonvertical streaks indicate an in-flight fire. By following the streaks to their point of origin, an investigator can locate the source of the fire.

At Longmont, investigators found the remains of each wing, with its two engines, buried in ten-foot holes. The outer portion of each had broken off in descent. The puzzling thing was that the break had been in a downward direction, which could have happened only if the plane were inverted.

Operations men learned that the plane had left Denver at 6:52 P.M., 11 minutes before the explosion, bound for Seattle on a flight plan calling for a cruising altitude of 22,000 feet. The explosion had occurred at 11,000 feet above sea level, about 6,000 feet above the ground.

Postal inspectors collected the remains of the plane's mail, and reported that it had scattered over an eight-mile area. They recovered 95% of it undamaged. The other 5% was ripped to bits, another unusual circumstance.

Early witnesses reported smelling gunpowder around the wreckage, and investigators localized the smell around the aft section of the fuselage. Pieces of the aft section just forward of the tail were gathered up and examined critically. The manner in which they had ripped apart indicated that an explosion had taken place inside the No. 4 baggage hold.

When the CAB teams compared findings, the pieces of the mystery fell into place quickly. All evidence indicated that the cause of the crash was a bomb, probably homemade and very powerful, placed in No. 4 baggage hold. When it exploded, it sheared off the tail and shattered the aft fuselage. The rest of the plane tumbled and twisted down, disintegrating as it fell. This accounted for the odd wreckage pattern and the peculiar wing-tip failures.

This meant sabotage, a deliberate criminal act, which was out of the realm of the CAB men. The FBI entered the case to find out who had placed the bomb, and why. Meanwhile, CAB men gathered up the wreckage as they do at every accident, and trucked it into Denver. There, in a hangar, they pieced the fragments together as they would have assembled a giant jigsaw puzzle, and proved that a bomb had been placed on the plane.

The FBI began interviewing the relatives of all the victims, hunting for clues. Twelve days after the

accident, they reported a confession from 23-year-old John Graham, of Denver, whose mother had been a passenger on the plane. They announced that he admitted putting 25 sticks of dynamite with two electrical caps and a timing device in her suitcase, though he later repudiated this confession. The authorities said he had taken out \$37,500 of trip insurance on her life.

The Longmont crash was the first proved case of sabotage to affect a U.S. air carrier, so the investigation there was not truly typical of the CAB's work. Usually a pilot factor, weather, or structural or mechanical failure is the cause of an accident. And it is here that the CAB's work shows long-term results.

In August, 1948, the pilot of a Northwest Airlines' Martin 202 cleared with the Minneapolis tower to let down from his 8,000-foot altitude and make a landing approach. Ten minutes later the plane crashed near Winona, Minn., killing all 37 occupants. From local weather sources, the CAB men learned that there had been a thunderstorm in the path of the plane. Apparently the plane had disintegrated in the storm.

But why? The Martin was built to take the buffeting of a thunderstorm. Investigators found the answer two miles back along the flight path, where the remains of one of the wings had fallen. Magnification of the edge that had sepa-

rated from the plane showed that a small fitting between wing and fuselage had broken under repeated stress. The turbulence in the thunderhead finished tearing off the wing.

Northwest's fleet of 19 Martins was immediately withdrawn from service, and tests, using fluorescent dyes to bring out flaws, were run on the wings. Five of the planes showed fatigue cracks developing. The manufacturer immediately made structural changes, and no accident of this type has occurred since.

In 1947, a United Air Lines DC-6 burned and crashed near Bryce Canyon, Utah, killing the 52 persons aboard. The only substantial clue found in the wreckage of the fuselage was white ash, indicating a fire with intense heat. Chemical analysis of the ash showed it came from the burning of the emergency landing flares on the plane. In some manner, a fire had reached the flares. Investigators ordered the flares removed from all DC-6s as a precautionary measure, though they knew that they had been only a contributing factor in the accident.

Less than two weeks after the flares had been removed, a DC-6 belonging to American Airlines developed a fire in flight. This time the pilot made a safe emergency landing. All the circumstances of this fire matched those of the Bryce Canyon crash except for the flares.

A long dark stain along the underside of the fuselage in front of the

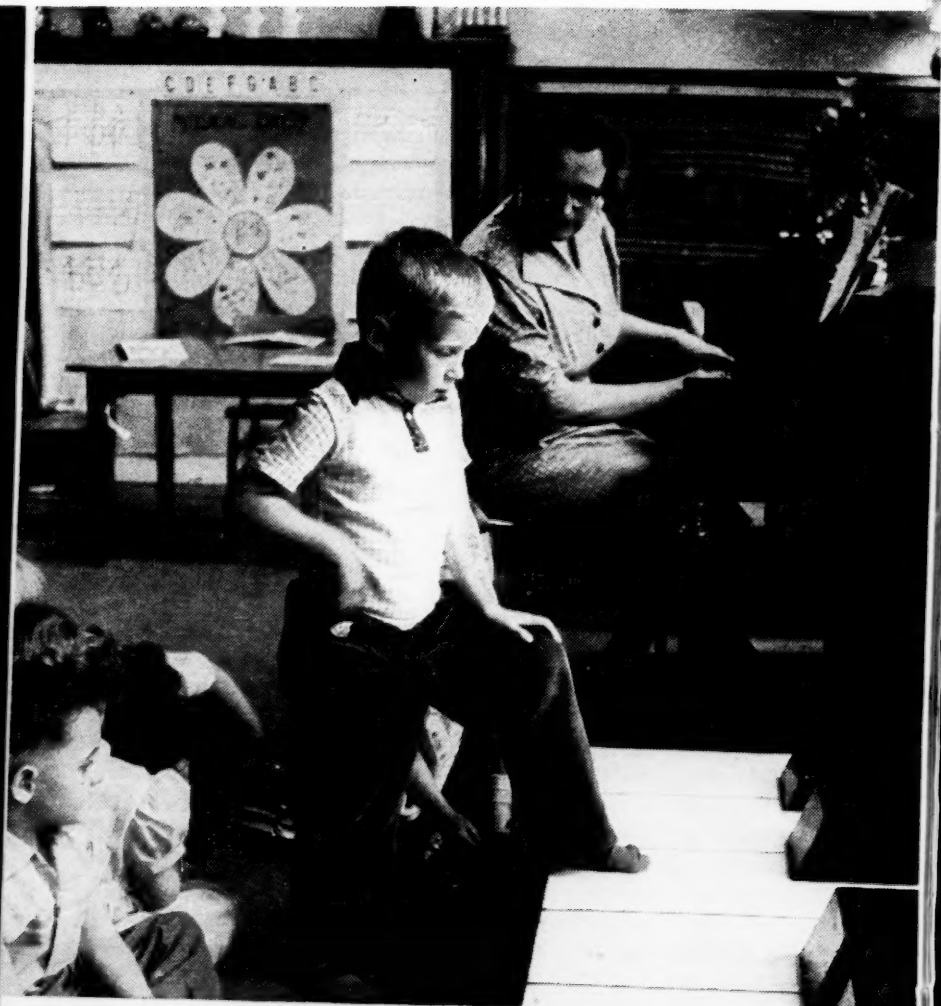
fire area looked suspicious. Chemical analysis showed it had been made by aviation gasoline—and the sleuths had the answer to both fires. To keep a plane balanced in flight, the pilots try to maintain the same level of gasoline in each tank. The tanks are connected by gas lines, so the gas can be pumped from one tank to another as necessary. In the planes which had caught fire, there had been some overflow as gas was being transferred from one tank to another. Some of it had run along the belly of the plane. As it passed an air intake, it was sucked in and blown into the cabin heater in the "boiler room" under the cabin floor. That was where the fire started.

Douglas engineers relocated the gas overflow vent and insulated the landing flares so that outside heat could not set them off. The procedure used by pilots to transfer fuel from one tank to another was modified. As a result, no similar troubles have occurred on any DC-6's.

Story after story could be told of the work of the CAB safety investigators, but the biggest story of all is in the safety record of the United States' air carriers. In 1938, there were 4.5 passenger fatalities for each 100 million passenger-miles flown. By 1954 the rate had dropped to .075, and in that year the airlines flew 35.2 million revenue passengers 21.9 billion passenger miles. That record tells the story of the CAB's Bureau of Safety Investigation.



"Let's make a musical daisy." Basic music symbols are written with col-



Musical
Kindergarten



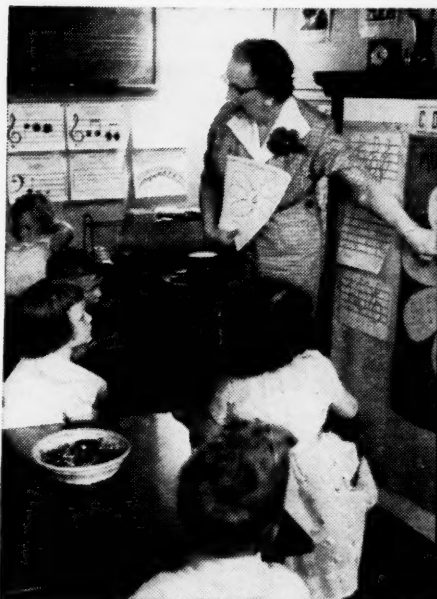


Aided by a musical story book, Mrs. Montague teaches the fundamentals of music. Story has musical punctuation. "Once upon a time, there were three frogs, Hop, Skip, and Jump."

Long before most youngsters start music lessons, a group of 4 and 5-year-olds in Spokane, Washington, are squealing their way through nursery rhymes and songs, stamping out rhythmic melodies and dressing up in capes to beat time like real orchestra conductors. They go to a musical kindergarten run by Mrs. Frances Montague.

An understanding and sympathetic teacher, Mrs. Montague devised this method of instruction because she knew that preschool children are too young to learn to play real instruments. The youngsters simply will not get down to giving serious attention to intricate practice. Wisely, therefore, Mrs. Montague got the youthful pupils interested by giving instruction through musical games with the use of huge musical props.

"Let's make a musical daisy." Basic music symbols are written with colored crayons by children.



Music test for kids. "Is this note in line or space?" asks teacher.



A small boy learns notes by placing letters on jumbo keyboard. Walls of music room have musical pictures which appeal to youthful students.



Duet with teacher is one lesson all the children like. Dickie Pratt shows the class he can play "Little Indian" on a grand piano.

Rhythmic lessons are all important. Here boys and girls join in singing, clapping, and beating time.



Having fun while learning packs a genuine appeal for Mrs. Montague's pupils. Parents have no trouble getting the kids out to what they love to call their "music lessons." From time immemorial, it has been a hard struggle for parents to get Mary and Johnny off to piano lessons. Usually, they, especially Johnny, trump up lame excuses. But many Spokane parents are not bothered with children's stratagems to avoid lessons and practice. These youngsters are always eager to keep their appointments punctually with Mrs. Montague at the musical kindergarten.



Fully aware of childish curiosity, Mrs. Montague explains not only what comes out of a piano, but also what goes on inside.

The "metro-gnome" drill is fascinating. Children keep time with miniature drumsticks. They are Terry Eddy, Brenda Burton, Ronnie Wendle.





(Above) Making musical symbols with clay. Kelly Dennis is forming a great big sharp. (Below) The students get a great kick out of playing musical story "Mister Froggie Likes to Hop."





(Above) Children play musical tag, which is fun besides being exhilarating. (Below) A program for parents is given. First song is "America," sung fortissimo.



What's-His-Name for President

Our national elections would seem incomplete without splinter candidates

IF YOU ELECT me," promised 1948 presidential-candidate Claude Cunningham, a retired country doctor, "I'll set up a national lottery, then go off on a cruise aboard the president's yacht. By the time I return, the lottery will have paid off the national debt." Despite this Utopian platform, Mr. Cunningham failed to get more than slight response from the voters on election day.

Every presidential election year sprouts a surprising crop of would-be White House residents. Some come from the lunatic fringe; others, though sincere, champion unpopular programs. Some garner several thousand write-in votes and a few become standard-bearers for minor parties. But most aspiring "Mr. Presidents" are ignored at the polls.

As the self-declared candidate of the "poor man," Henry B. Krajewski, a New Jersey pig farmer, ranked as one of the darkest horses of 1952's presidential sweepstakes. He de-



clared himself a friend of poor men and an enemy of "pigginess." Parading with a porker on a leash, candidate Krajewski caused considerable comment, but failed to bring home the bacon. Pursuing the porcine principle, he declared that "the Democrats have been 'hogging' the administration in Washington for 20 years, and it's about time the people began to 'squeal.'"

He promised, if elected, to ask Congress to declare a one-year income-tax moratorium for all workers earning less than \$6,000. He also favored a two-president system. "If you had a Democrat and a Republican in the White House at the same time," he said, "they'd be so busy watching each other that there would be no danger of dictatorship."

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. April, 1956. © 1956 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

As it happened, only 1% of the voters in 1952 cast a presidential ballot for anyone other than the two major-party nominees. Four years previously, however, off-trail candidates won 2 million tallies, about 5% of the vote. In earlier presidential races, 3rd-party aspirants have captured a good many popular votes. "I'm for Lemke," became a familiar cry in 1936. And when returns were counted, 882,000 of them were for William Lemke and his Union-Royal Oak party.

But most 3rd-party tickets fail even to make the ballot in more than one or two states; some don't appear on any ballot. The Prohibition party has put up a candidate in every presidential campaign since 1872, but never polls much more than 150,000 votes. Stuart Hamblen, cowboy singer and former race-horse owner, headed the Prohibitionist's ticket last election year.

The Vegetarian party doesn't even try to get on the ballot. In 1948, bearded, 85-year-old John Maxwell copped top spot on the party's ticket. He owned a Chicago restaurant that specialized in vegetable plates and banned all animal products except milk and hard-boiled eggs. When all the returns were in, Mr. Maxwell had garnered a total of four write-in votes.

Again this year, Fred C. Proehl, an Edmonds, Wash. grocer, will carry the banner of the Greenback party, once a minor power in national politics. In 1878, it polled a

million votes and had 14 Representatives in Congress. "We're not fooling ourselves," says Proehl, a former banker. "We won't make much of a race, but we're going to keep on trying to expand. Maybe some day it will be different."

Proehl and his party advocate greenbacks—lots of them, in place of interest-bearing government bonds. "The amount to be issued should be limited," Mr. Proehl asserts, "to what is really needed. If money got too cheap, we would simply stop printing it." The crossroads grocer enjoys his role. "The great majority of my customers," he admits, "feel that it is quite an honor to do business with a presidential candidate."

Women, too, frequently enter the quadrennial scramble for the land's highest office. Over the years, quite an array of feminine campaigners have tossed their chapeaus into the White House race. In 1952, astrologist Ella Linea Jensen ran for president as the Washington Peace party's candidate.

Mrs. Jensen declared she was a "Himalayan master" in a previous incarnation. Asserting that she was in communication with George Washington "on the other side," she promised to root out communism "within nine minutes" of her inauguration. She predicted victory at the polls, her horoscope being favorable.

Victoria Claflin Woodhull was the first woman presidential candi-

In the U. S., splinter parties are something of a joke, seldom taken seriously even by the candidates themselves. Not so in France, where splinter parties are so numerous and so powerful that the government itself must be conducted by coalition of political groups. The result is that the cabinet is often composed of men of sharply differing political opinions. Small wonder that France has had 21 different governments in the last 11 years, and that one out of every four members of the 622-man Chamber of Deputies has at one time or another served in the cabinet.

date. She ran in 1872, on the Equal Rights party's ticket. Carrying on her campaign as "the American Joan of Arc," she pioneered for women's rights.

Mrs. Woodhull's efforts attracted widespread attention. Wherever she spoke, crowds jammed auditoriums. As a presidential hopeful, she was an innovation in American politics. Cartoonists of the day satirized her with drawings of be-trousered women smoking cigars and watching men in dresses awkwardly tending babies. Despite her vigorous campaign, however, she failed to capture a single vote in the Electoral college.

In 1884, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, first woman admitted to the bar of

the federal Supreme Court, also ran for President on the Equal Rights ticket, with Mrs. L. B. Stow, of San Francisco, as vice-presidential nominee.

The party received surprising support in several states—but far from a majority in any of them. Pennsylvania cast a large block of votes for the all-woman ticket, but they were thrown out as fraudulent. At the Electoral college, Indiana first cast its 15 tallies for Grover Cleveland, later changed its mind and voted for Mrs. Lockwood. The switch failed, however, even though Belva Lockwood subsequently petitioned Congress, demanding credit for the Indiana vote. She ran for President again in 1888, but lost.

In 1920, Lucy Page Gaston was the sole woman seeking presidential honors. In a letter to *McClure's Magazine*, she stated among other things: "I am offering myself as the sacrifice on the altar of public opinion. My principal reason for announcing my candidacy is that I feel this is the appointed hour for the womanhood of the country to help bring order out of the chaotic conditions for which the men working alone are responsible."

She also said, "My 20 years' experience as a champion of the safeguarding of the American boy from his worst enemy, the insidious cigarette, has given me a grasp of the needs of the country. My candidacy will not be in vain if the principles of my platform can be so empha-

sized in the public mind as to be included in the platforms of the contesting parties."

There's no telling who will run for president, or for what reason. Back in 1870, George Francis Train announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination in the 1872 elections. Mr. Train made a vigorous campaign for the nomination. But his name didn't even come up at the Democratic conclave that chose Horace Greeley as its nominee. Friends of Mr. Train expressed regret over his fruitless efforts, but their sympathy might better have gone elsewhere. For Train had pulled a neat bit of political sleight-of-hand: he'd charged admission to his some 1,000 campaign speeches, and grossed close to \$100,000.

Many candidates apparently enter the race just for their own amusement. In 1948, ex-teacher Carl Countryman, of New York, coined the slogan "Countryman for his countrymen, his countrymen for Countryman," for use in his campaign. In fact, Mr. Countryman was a conservative Republican who wished no traffic with 3rd parties.

In the same year, ex-fighter, wrestler, and plumber Riley Bender, a Chicago hotel proprietor, declared himself a candidate, and promised, if elected, to serve no more than two terms.

Besides the major-party nominees, some 12 or 15 very dark horses put on campaigns in 1952. Among them

was Capt. Don Du Mont, a former shipbuilder, who created the Re-
publimerican party, with the slogan, "A dependable deal in '52."

Most minor candidates don't really expect to land in the White House, but that doesn't stop them from trying. Four years ago, New Yorker Edward L. Bodin formed the Spiritual party, and as its candidate delivered impassioned campaign speeches in 35 states. At the climax of each oratorical effort, Mr. Bodin dramatically cracked a long bullwhip above the heads of his audience and stormed, "Now is the time to seek the holy lash of indignation!"

Bodin billed himself as "athlete, soldier, reporter, author, literary agent, editor, lecturer, publisher, corporation treasurer." Declaring himself ready to forfeit his candidacy in favor of a person exhibiting more spiritual qualities, he confounded critics who called him "cracked." "Remember, the Liberty Bell is also cracked," he stated. "And if a cracked bell can inspire right, so can a cracked Bodin. A crack lets in light."

Doubtless, this presidential election year will see another batch of self-declared political messias, local zealots, and sincere crusaders. Some will attract a following; others will be content to spread their messages; a few will enter the contest just for kicks. Whatever their purpose, they're a safe bet to join the ranks of the "Also Rans."

By Joseph Ehrenreich
Condensed from "Town Journal"*

Why You Get Hungry

Several parts of your body get together to ask, 'When do we eat?'

WHEN GRANDMA cooked you those delicious dinners, she wasn't thinking about your hypothalamus. She was just trying to tempt your appetite. But the hypothalamus, a small, complex structure at the bottom of the brain, has a lot to do with why you get hungry. And that's not all. Your appetite is also in your blood and tissues, as well as in your mind. It was partly born with you, partly learned.

The hypothalamus and certain other parts of the body are now being intensively studied by scientists curious to learn how the appetite works. At Yale university, operations on the hypothalamus of rats have produced some strange results. Bal K. Anand and John R. Brobeck, the experimenters, found that one of the rats became insanely hungry after the operation. He ate ravenously, pointlessly, soon almost tripling his body weight.

Another rat, following a slightly different operation, gradually lost interest in food until he ate nothing at all. He pushed the food pan away with his paw, and spat out



any food put into his mouth. He seemed normal otherwise. He moved around the cage, going about his own business, apparently feeling quite well. He just wasn't interested in eating. Finally, he died of starvation—with a pan full of food in front of his nose!

Why did these animals behave this way? Simply because their appetite centers had been tampered with. Within the jungle of nerve cells making up the hypothalamus there is a tiny area which acts as a feeding center, a kind of "on" switch for eating. Near by is another tiny area which opposes the action of the feeding center; one might call it an "anti-feeding," or appetite destroying, center.

Anand and Brobeck destroyed one or the other of these areas by means of small electric currents. If

*1111 E St., N. W., Washington 4, D.C. April, 1956. © 1956 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

If Your Appetite Is Too Small

1. Skip foods rich in sugar and starch. They "fill you up" too quickly.

2. Make sure your diet contains enough vitamins and minerals. Too little thiamine (vitamin B) can cause loss of appetite.

3. Avoid smoking before meals. It cuts down appetite.

4. Eat both fats and protein in balanced proportions.

5. Avoid nervous tension if you can.

6. See your doctor if poor appetite persists. It can mean serious organic disease.

the feeding center was destroyed, the animal lost his appetite. If the anti-feeding center was destroyed, it was as though a brake had been released on the feeding center, and the animal became excessively hungry.

Although it took surgery to pry out the secrets of the hypothalamus, an ordinary child's toy helped us to learn about the stomach. Early in the 1900's, Walter B. Cannon and Anton J. Carlson investigated hunger by means of balloons. Fasting men swallowed the balloons, which were inflated and connected to instruments for recording air pressure. Any motion of the stomach squeezing the balloons was revealed by increased air pressure.

Whenever the subjects felt hunger pangs, the instruments recorded violent wave-like fluctuations.

The evidence indicated that hunger pangs are produced by powerful, rapidly repeated contractions of the stomach. Typically, the fasting stomach has periods of contractions lasting about half an hour followed by inactive periods of one half to one and a half hours. When the stomach is full (even if only with water) the contractions cease. Compressing the abdomen slows down the contractions. So, if you get hungry too soon before mealtime, there is some point in "tightening your belt."

Habit undoubtedly is an important regulator of mealtime schedules. What the fellow with the paunch calls hunger may be nothing more than a "conditioned reflex" set into operation by the sight of food or by the mere awareness that mealtime has arrived. Such conditioned reflexes were first studied by Pavlov, who showed that a dog's mouth could be made to water every time he heard the dinner bell—even if the bell rang at the wrong time and was not always accompanied by dinner.

Hunger and appetite, although closely related, are not the same. When you ask for a second helping of dessert at the end of a big meal, your appetite is active although your stomach is full of food and incapable of hunger contractions. There are men and women who literally "have no stomach for food" because their stomachs have been removed surgically or because the

nerves carrying sensations from the digestive tract have been disconnected. Nevertheless, they insist that they feel the desire for food.

Appetite, it was once thought, is a pleasant sensation learned by experience and existing only in the mind, whereas hunger is an unpleasant sensation present even at birth and originating in the stomach.

Discovery of appetite centers in the hypothalamus plus certain other evidence shows that appetite is actually inborn, although greatly modified by experience. Clara M. Davis first proved this by serving newly weaned children 12 different cooked and raw foods at each meal, using a total of 35 foods each day. She took care to retain the *natural flavor* of all the foods. The foods were placed on individual trays in front of the children; they could eat whatever and as much as they wished.

The results were amazing. Each child chose a well-balanced diet! Sometimes the child would eat nothing but cereals or nothing but eggs for several days, but in the long run he got what he needed. Not all the diets were exactly alike; apparently subconscious adjustments were made to suit individual needs. All the children grew rapidly. They were free from digestive disturbances.

How can the appetite centers in the hypothalamus "know" when the body needs nourishment? According to one theory, these appetite

If Your Appetite Is Too Big

1. Try eating a sweet half an hour before mealtime. It helps take the edge off your appetite.

2. Eat more proteins. They release calories slowly, help keep you from getting hungry between meals.

3. Ask your doctor for a program of exercise and diet so you can use up more calories than you take in.

4. Avoid strenuous exercise.

5. Use thyroid extract and other medicines only *under doctor's orders*.

6. Don't expect too much from hunger-slacking drugs. They may lose their effectiveness in a week or so.

centers are sensitive to slight changes in the sugar concentration of the blood. This would explain, in part, why eating sweets spoils your appetite.

Actual experiments show no connection between the *total* sugar concentration and the appetite. What counts, according to Jean Mayer, is the difference between the sugar concentrations of the blood in the arteries and the blood in the veins. No person in any experiment was ever hungry when the sugar in the arteries exceeded that in the veins by 15 milligrams per 100 cubic centimeters. There's a mathematical definition of hunger for you!

Much still remains to be learned

about appetite, but it is now possible to draw a rough picture of the process. As the stomach contracts and signals its emptiness along nervous pathways to the brain; as the blood passes through the hypo-

thalamus bringing chemical news of its own state of nourishment; as sights and sounds and smells stir up motor nerves and glands—the body sends this message to the brain: “When do we eat?”



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

To study word roots is both fascinating and rewarding. Fascinating, because you will see new light on the make up of countless words. Rewarding, because a knowledge of word roots is one of the best ways to increase your vocabulary.

Men who track down the origins of words (etymologists) tell us that a comparatively small number of Latin and Greek words have given us thousands of English words. So a good short cut to building your vocabulary is to learn certain word roots.

Gamos, in Greek, means marriage, union. Twelve words built from this root are found below. Recognize them? Of course, not many persons use these words in ordinary speaking or writing, but perhaps some of them have tripped you in working crossword puzzles. Try to match the *gamos* words found in Column A with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. polygamy
2. monogamy
3. exogamy
4. endogamy
5. gamete
6. gamic
7. misgamist
8. neogamist
9. bigamist
10. digamy
11. autogamous
12. allogamy

Column B

- a) One who hates marriage.
- b) Custom of having several wives.
- c) Cross-fertilization, as in certain flowers.
- d) One newly married.
- e) Marriage outside a particular group.
- f) Marriage within a particular group.
- g) Developing only after fertilization.
- h) Custom of having one spouse.
- i) Custom of marrying again after death of first spouse.
- j) One guilty of contracting a second marriage although married to another.
- k) Self-fertilization, as in certain flowers.
- l) A matured cell capable of uniting with another to form a new life.

(Answers on page 79.)

John Barry: the Father of Our Navy

He kept on fighting when he was down to his last two barges



A BRONZE STATUE of a sturdy mariner in a three-cornered hat, with a spyglass under one arm, stands in Independence square in Philadelphia. It is a statue of Commodore John Barry, often called "the father of the American navy." Only 300 yards away (about as far as a cannon shot from one of the commodore's own ships) is Old St. Mary's churchyard on 4th St., where Barry was laid to rest in 1803.

John Barry held commission No. 1 in the U.S. navy, to rank as captain from June 4, 1794. Washington issued the commission on his own birthday, Feb. 22, 1797. But he had made the appointment, and the Senate had confirmed it, almost three years before, when Congress authorized the building of six frigates. Barry personally supervised the construction and arming of his own vessel, the *U.S.S. United States*, built in Philadelphia, then the seat of the federal government.

Young Barry had come to America as a sailor on a merchantman in 1760. He was then 15, and Penn-

sylvania was still a province under British rule. A son of small farmers, Barry was a native of county Wexford, at the southeast corner of Ireland. Seafaring folk of County Wexford combined commercial fishing with smuggling from the Continent. Defying His Majesty's revenue officers was mixing business with pleasure.

The lad went to sea as a cabin boy at the age of ten. This was not unusual in 1755, when even youngsters of seven embraced a maritime career, just as little boys start elementary school today. When Barry commanded his first ship, the 60-ton *Barbadoes*, in 1766, he had put in 11 years of sea duty and was still only 21.

Wexford men ran tall and heavy, with well-fleshed bones, large noses, and a jovial, reckless air. Barry was six-feet-one, and probably weighed

around 200 pounds. His hair was black, his eyes gray-brown, his face weatherbeaten.

In the nine years before the battle of Lexington in 1775, Barry established himself among the rising young master mariners of Philadelphia. He made voyage after voyage: to the West Indies and back; from Bermuda to Charleston; from Philadelphia to Williamsburg, New York, and Halifax. He became a member of the Charitable Captains of Ships club, proof of solid standing in his profession. He acquired a pretty young Irish wife, Mary Clary, and a house on Spruce St. Mrs. Barry died suddenly in 1774, the year of the 1st Continental Congress, while John was at sea, and he came home to mourn over her grave in Old St. Mary's churchyard.

The revolution was being kindled. The delegates of the united colonies, meeting at Carpenter's hall, near 4th and Chestnut, had agreed to stop all imports from the British Isles by Dec. 1, 1774. Export of American goods was permitted until September, 1775. Before that date, Barry made two voyages to England in command of a great new 200-ton ship, the *Black Prince*. To be captain of so large a vessel at 29 was a challenge. Barry responded by driving her to a record run for the 18th century, 237 miles in one day's sailing.

Back in Philadelphia in October, 1775, he found a city seething with

activity. The 2nd Continental Congress, in the name of all the colonies, had agreed to support the New England troops at Boston. Col. George Washington, of Virginia, had been named commander-in-chief.

A committee was working out plans for setting up a Continental navy. The first thing they did was to buy Barry's ship, the *Black Prince*, from her owners, Willing, Morris & Co. The Morris in the firm was Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, who thought highly of Barry. Nevertheless, John did not get command of his old ship. She was re-christened the *Alfred* (after King Alfred, founder of the British navy), and another captain, Dudley Saltonstall, was appointed.

Barry got shore duty, much against his inclination. Three men made up the staff for the first naval base: Joshua Humphreys, naval architect; Nathaniel Falconer, in charge of supplies; and Barry, in charge of rigging, outfitting, and arming. The little fleet of four ships dropped down the Delaware early in January, 1775. The *Alfred's* senior lieutenant, a friend of Barry's, was a young North Carolina Scotsman named John Paul Jones.

Two months later, Congress acquired another vessel, the brigantine *Wild Duck*. They renamed her the *Lexington*, and gave her to Barry in March, 1776. He set to work at once refitting her for of-

fensive operations and assembling a crew. The Marine Corps, then only four months old, had set up its first recruiting station in the Tun tavern, half a mile from the shipyard. They supplied a lieutenant with a detachment of marines.

After two weeks of driving work, Barry had the *Lexington* cruising off the Delaware Capes. That was another record. He went out, as he put it, with "a determined resolution of distressing the enemy as much as is in my power."

He had the *Lexington* for six months, and made two cruises. He captured and sent into Philadelphia the first British naval vessel taken by the colonists; he convoyed merchantmen; he rescued 265 half barrels of badly needed gunpowder from an American ship under enemy fire. His own report was concise: "Cleared the Coast of all Small Cruisers that was out on it by taking some of them and keeping the others in port, alltho at that time there was a forty fore gun ship and two Frigates of the Enemy in the Capes."

Back in Philadelphia in the fall of '76, Barry got a bigger command. They gave him the *Effingham*, one of four new frigates being built in the Delaware. But she was far from finished. With no naval work to do, Captains Barry and Thomas Read rigged up a battery of field artillery and joined the army. There was hard fighting in Jersey. That was the campaign during which Wash-

ington crossed the Delaware. Barry missed that Christmas-night excursion, but saw plenty of action at Princeton.

After six weeks with the army, Barry went back to work on his frigate. This time no record was possible. Guns, coal, and seamen were in short supply. There was no way to forge the anchors and ironwork, no way to arm the ship. Barry hung around the base, presiding over courts-martial and doing routine duty, for over six months.

That summer he married for the second time. His bride was Sarah Austin, whose father owned the Delaware ferries. She was received into the Catholic faith two years later.

Late in the fall of 1777, Howe, the British general, sent a fleet up the Delaware and took Philadelphia. Under orders, Barry scuttled his unfinished frigate *Effingham*. It was a low point for the Continental navy, which lost seven vessels in the river. There was nothing upstream but three open barges and a pinnace. Barry saw Washington at Valley Forge, and got permission to operate against the British fleet with the two 32-foot barges that were still seaworthy. It was a sad comedown.

But Barry had a genius for making himself a thorn in the enemy's side. In combined operations with Gen. Mad Anthony Wayne, he drove off the Jersey cattle that Howe wanted for meat and burned

all the stacked hay Howe counted on for forage. Then he captured two armed ships and a supply schooner, from which he dispatched a letter to Washington at Valley Forge, with a cheese and a jar of pickled oysters from George III's quartermaster stores.

That was fun; but the Delaware was full of smart British skippers with heavy guns, and Barry, a few days later, had to row ashore while his three prizes went up in flames. He was down to his two barges again. Washington wrote him, "You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things you were so polite as to send me, with my wishes that your suitable recompense may always attend your bravery."

There were still a few ships at Boston. The navy board sent Barry up to take command of the *Raleigh*, a 700-ton frigate. In this ship, that fall, he had a two-day running fight with superior enemy forces, until he beached her just south of the Penobscot river, and got away by land with 85 officers and men. Congress found his behavior gallant, and "an honor to the flag."

In spite of the French alliance, and the arrival of D'Estaing's fleet, 1778 was an unlucky year for the Continental navy. The patriots lacked money, men, and ships. It was a familiar story when Barry went up to Portsmouth to take over the largest ship yet planned and found that there were no prospects

of finishing her for many months. Meanwhile, he had drawn no pay and no allowances for more than two and a half years.

In September, 1780, the naval committee of Congress gave him the *Alliance*, the best ship in the fleet, with orders to take an early reverse-lend-lease mission to France. Colonel Laurens, Thomas Paine, and William Jackson, accompanied by the Vicomte de Noailles, Lafayette's cousin, were going abroad to promote a further loan. Barry improved the occasion by capturing a British privateer on the way over.

Coming home, he engaged two British sloops of war off Newfoundland and captured them after a desperate fight in which he was wounded. His arrival at Boston, where his overdue ship had been marked missing, was a shot in the arm to the young navy, severely punished in the spring of 1781 by overwhelming British strength off the Atlantic coast.

We were down to two frigates, and the *Alliance* was not ready for sea again until November. That was after Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, and Barry got orders to carry Lafayette and his staff back to France.

In 1782 he took four ships out of a Jamaica convoy, and in 1783, cruising on the West Indies station, fought the last naval action of the Revolution, against *H.M.S. Sybil*. Barry had \$60,000 of public money aboard, a vital cargo. After a short,

sharp sea fight, the *Sybil* broke off the engagement and ran.

Peace came, and the hard-pressed young nation sold every vessel in its navy. The last of them, Barry's old ship, the *Alliance*, was sold at auction at the Merchants' coffee-house in Philadelphia on Aug. 1, 1785.

From that time until 1794, when the U. S. navy was founded, we see Barry as a solid citizen and ship-master in Philadelphia. In 1787-88, he was away for 18 months on one of the earliest American trading voyages to China. He returned to his Spruce St. house, and then acquired a country place, Strawberry Hill, now within the northeastern city limits. He was a member of the Hibernia fire company and of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He contributed \$150 to the building of St. Augustine's church, and subscribed \$6 for the first American edition of the Douay Bible.

In 1794, when Congress authorized six frigates for national defense, Washington put Barry at the head of the active list for the new navy. His ship, designed by Joshua Humphreys, would be built on the Delaware at Philadelphia and construction supervised by the captain himself. Barry went personally to Georgia to hurry the timber cutting. It had to be live oak, and only southern pine would do for masts.

At the end of the year, Washington inspected the keel and frame. "Most gratified," he said. "Gentle-

men, this is my first visit to an American navy yard."

It was slow work. Then, in December, 1795, peace was arranged with the Barbary pirates. Congress cut the shipbuilding program in half. Only three ships were to be completed: the *Constitution* at Boston, the *Constellation* at Baltimore, and Barry's ship, the *United States* at Philadelphia.

Then came a new alarm, the uncertain quasi-war with France in 1798. Barry was ready by that summer, and in July was at sea, commanding a little fleet in the West Indies, blockading French commerce and protecting American ships. In that undeclared war, there was little action, but we made it clear that we meant to defend our rights. In November, 1799, Barry again took his ship to France, and in December of that year returned to patrol duty in the West Indies with his squadron. He was ordered home for the last time in March, 1801.

With the return of peace, the navy was again cut by one third, and the *United States* was ordered to Washington navy yard, to be laid up in an early Operation Mothball. Barry, at 54, went on inactive status. In December, 1802, the Navy Department offered him the Mediterranean squadron. It was the beginning of the war against the Barbary pirates. But Barry was now painfully ill. And ten months later he died, at Strawberry Hill.

Off Tripoli and Algiers the navy

the largest ship yet planned and found that there were no prospects

Barry had \$60,000 of public money aboard, a vital cargo. After a short,

was making a tradition with men who had served under the great commodore: Decatur, Somers, Stewart, Caldwell, Jacob Jones, Heath, Barron, Wadsworth. The *Philadelphia Portfolio* observed in July,

1813, ten years after Barry's death, "So many of the distinguished naval men of the present day commenced their career under Commodore Barry that he may justly be considered as the 'father of our navy'."

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 73)

1. Polygamy (po-lig'a-me) b) Custom of having several wives.
Though it was advocated by their founder, the Mormons no longer practice *polygamy*.
2. Monogamy (mon-og'a-me) h) Custom of having one spouse.
Monogamy is the only legal form of marriage in this country.
3. Exogamy (eks-og'a-me) e) Marriage outside a particular group.
Exogamy is prohibited among many primitive tribes.
4. Endogamy (end-og'a-me) f) Marriage within a particular group.
Some of these tribes still practice *endogamy*.
5. Gamete (gam'eat) l) A matured cell capable of uniting with another to form a new life.
It is unlikely that *gametes* differing so radically in size can unite.
6. Gamic (gam'ik) g) Developing only after fertilization.
All barnyard fowl lay *gamic* eggs.
7. Misogamist (mis-og'a-mist) a) one who hates marriage.
Every bachelor is not necessarily a *misogamist*.
8. Neogamist (ne-og'a-mist) d) One newly married.
A man married five years is hardly a *neogamist*.
9. Bigamist (big'a-mist) j) One guilty of contracting a second marriage although married to another.
The judge sentenced the *bigamist* to ten years imprisonment.
10. Digamy (dig'a-me) i) Custom of marrying again after the death of first spouse.
Many widows and widowers find nothing wrong with *digamy*.
11. Autogamous (o-tog'a-mus) k) Self-fertilization, as in certain flowers.
Has anyone ever classified all the *autogamous* plants?
12. Allogamy (a-log'a-me) c) Cross-fertilization, as in certain flowers.
My botany instructor says that controlled *allogamy* has produced this peculiar flower.

(All correct: superior; 6 correct: good; 4 correct: fair.)

The Mightiest Movie

*It has been seen by more
than a billion people*

IN THE FALL of 1927, when Cecil B. DeMille's *The King of Kings* was playing to capacity houses in New York, the late Alexander Woolcott (not exactly renowned for his religious enthusiasm) made what seemed to be a rash prediction. "It is my guess," he commented, "that *The King of Kings* will girdle the globe, and that the multitudes still will be flocking to see it in 1947."

Movie producers snickered openly. If the movie lasted one year, much less 20, they'd be visibly surprised. They didn't think much of pictures based on religious themes.

As it turned out, Woolcott was wrong, but not in the way the movie moguls predicted. *The King of Kings* did, indeed, last 20 years, but it didn't stop there. It went right on playing. Today, 29 years after it was produced, it still is playing to capacity houses, week in and week out, somewhere on the face of the globe. It already has been seen by more than 1 billion people. It is unquestionably the most successful motion picture ever produced.

Originally a silent film, it had a musical score added to it with the

coming of sound pictures, and since then its titles have been translated into 23 languages, including Chinese, Turkish, Hindustani, and Arabic. It has been flashed on a screen mounted on a canoe in the Belgian Congo, carried up the backwaters of the Amazon, and screened before headhunters in Borneo.

The late Will Rogers told DeMille, "You will never make a greater picture, because you will never find a greater subject than Jesus."

Mr. DeMille agrees with the beloved cowboy humorist because, as he puts it, "no purely human drama can compare to one in which the protagonist is a divine Person who suffers betrayal and self-sacrificial death for the sake of the people who crucify Him. I am constrained, therefore, to think of *The King of Kings* in a class by itself, a fact demonstrated perhaps by its being screened continuously for a quarter century."

When it comes to human drama, however, DeMille feels that his newest picture, *The Ten Commandments*, and the story of Moses "is the most compelling I have ever ex-

plored, in the Bible or elsewhere." How it will stack up alongside *The King of Kings*, of course, he doesn't attempt to predict, again because he places the latter film in a category of its own, and separate from any motion-picture story of the life of a human being.

It is obvious, however, that few pictures ever will top the astounding record of *The King of Kings*, which, despite 30 years of continuous showing, still shows no sign of losing its popularity.

The King of Kings, sponsored by a national committee of 125 clergymen, is sent at cost to whatever group expresses a desire to show it. DeMille himself long since has given up any financial interest in the film, and now works actively with the committee only because he wishes to have the picture seen by as many people all over the world as possible.

Which is not to say that DeMille is not adequately repaid for his efforts; in addition to the natural pride he has in the tremendous reception given his masterpiece, he is stimulated also by the thousands of letters he has received from people who have been moved by the film.

Hundreds of clergymen, for example, have written him that they got their first inspiration to study for the ministry or the priesthood after seeing *The King of Kings* as children. Still others, writing from mission outposts in odd corners of the earth, cite the uses they have

made of the picture to further their work.

One such, Father Hugh Sharkey, paid a visit to the set of *The Ten Commandments* recently. He told DeMille how he used *The King of Kings* on many occasions to point up his teaching of the Chinese in pre-communist days. "Motion pictures like these," Father Sharkey told DeMille, "can make the Scriptures live, not only for millions of churchgoers, but for the countless others who might not otherwise begin to know the Scriptures."

Another Chinese missionary wrote DeMille that he had shown the picture 165 times in one year, and still another reported staging screenings of it in Chinese prisoner-of-war camps. At one showing, 18,000 religion-starved inmates turned out in the rain to see it.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek was another who urgently called on DeMille not long ago to request a print of the film. She needed it to show to Chinese troops on Formosa.

Not all the reactions to the film are identical. For the Eskimos at Point Barrow, it was the first sound picture they had seen; they reacted in fear and dread at the moving figures on the film, and insisted on crowding up close and peering behind the screen, to try to figure out where the characters disappeared to when they went off-screen.

In the Fiji Islands, a native, filled with fury at the cruelties inflicted on Christ by the Roman soldiers,

hurled his spear at the screen in a wild attempt to prevent the Saviour's crucifixion.

In Egypt, a woman appeared at a showing with her two children, and announced that they had walked 20 miles across the desert because this was the only way she could be sure her youngsters would get at least some smattering of Christian teaching.

But it was in Mexico during the persecutions of the Calles regime that the tremendous hold the picture has for audiences was demonstrated most remarkably. Unable to hear Mass because of the closing of their churches, the faithful flocked to theaters showing the movie, and knelt in the aisles and told their beads in a pitiful attempt to relive the passion and death of our Lord.

H. B. Warner, a veteran British actor cast in the role of our Lord, found his career abruptly altered

after his appearance in the film. No longer was he able to accept just any old part offered to him. His choice of roles became more and more limited. DeMille, of course, has used Warner whenever he possibly could. In *The Ten Commandments*, Warner plays a bit part as a blind elder who is carried along during the Exodus. It was, Warner announced after the day's shooting had ended, his farewell appearance before an audience.

DeMille treasures one letter about *The King of Kings* more than any other. He received it some years ago, from a woman who had but a few days more to live. She told how she had been wheeled from her hospital bed to a hall where the picture was being shown, and added, "Thank you, thank you for *The King of Kings*. It has changed what is about to happen to me from a terror to a glorious anticipation."



LINE OF DUTY

A college alumni group had just held a class reunion. After the party broke up, several of the members strolled on down the street together. To their dismay, they spied one of their number (he had not attended the reunion) lying in the gutter, apparently asleep.

"Isn't that a shame?" exclaimed one of the group. "Who would have thought it of good old Joe Blow?"

"Yes, wasn't he president of the senior class, and the one we voted most likely to succeed?" put in the class secretary.

The figure on the ground spoke up. "I'll bet you think I'm drunk," he muttered, in an aggrieved tone. "Well, I'm not. I'm just saving this parking place for my boss's Cadillac."

Bennet Cerf in *This Week*.

Riding the Rocket Sled

Lt. Col. John Paul Stapp of the Air Force Medical Corps has often been called "the bravest man in the world." He has been his own guinea pig for horrifying experiments on the effects on the human body of abnormal speeds and quick stops.

Such experiments are necessary to discover the absolute limit of physical tolerance that will permit a pilot to bail out safely in an ejection seat at supersonic speeds. Stapp's most spectacular experiment was conducted Dec. 10, 1954. On the morning of that day, he arrived at the Air Development center at Holloman Air Force base, New Mexico. His purpose: to ride a giant rocket-powered sled down a 3,500-foot track to an abrupt stop at 632 miles per hour.

DANGER AREA," read the sign on the Air Police roadblock near the testing ground at the Holloman Air Development center. Two AP's stood by with rifles. One of them came over and peered into the car as it pulled up. He nodded at Major Simons and Sergeant Ferguson, who were wearing their restricted-area



badges, but looked quizzically at Colonel Stapp. A new man, he did not recognize the colonel.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "Your pass?"

Stapp pulled his badge from a breast pocket. "If I'd forgotten it, would you have kept me out?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir," answered the guard.

As they drove past the saluting AP's, Stapp muttered wryly, "Might not have been a bad idea to leave the badge at home."

Simons parked the car alongside Station Baker Three, a large blockhouse topped by steel towers holding powerful loud-speakers and a big siren. Most of the building rested underground, to offer protection against rocket misfirings or explosions. Several hundred feet away was a large concrete apron, starting point for the 3,500-foot sled track.

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Half a dozen men were working over two long cars sitting on the tracks. The front car, a 15-foot long, 2,000-pound monster of tubular steel covered with battleship plate, had a shoebox-like appearance. Except for the name *Sonic Wind No. 1* painted on each side, there was little about it to suggest ultrahigh speeds.

The "shoebox" hovered between railroad tracks set seven feet apart. It was held in position (like a spider balancing its thick body precariously on two thin silken strands of webbing) by steel legs ending in clawlike grips that clutched the track loosely enough to slide along it with a minimum of friction.

About two thirds of the way back in the front car was a steel chair, an exact replica of an aircraft seat, but strengthened tenfold. Two high-speed motion-picture cameras were mounted at the front end of the sled, focused upon the seat. Behind the seat another camera focused on the second sled, the one that carried the rockets and would push the first sled forward.

The second camera would provide information on the water-brake system; it would record what occurred when the rocket-carrying unit, with its fixed water scoops extending lower than the scoops on the first sled, would be stopped fractions of a second earlier than the front unit, with its human cargo. The latter would not decelerate until its rigid shorter scoops reached deeper water

at the end of the long concrete canal over which the tracks were laid.

The curved water ducts on the rocket sled were also differently arranged from those on the deceleration sled. Water would be scooped into the ducts and forced through a complete half-circle back to the front of the unit before being released in a 50-foot geyser. The ducts provided twice as much braking force as those on the first sled, where the water was channeled through a quarter-circle and released along the sides at a 90-degree angle.

Colonel Stapp sauntered over to watch the men at work. Everybody was so absorbed that his appearance went almost unnoticed. He stood with his legs spread, his hands clasped behind his back, his head cocked to one side. With his gold-rimmed glasses, his sensitive face, and the slight paunch that bulged beneath the flight coveralls and heavy sweatshirt, he looked more like a mild, abstracted middle-aged scholar than "the bravest man in the world."

A base photographer asked Stapp to pose for a few pictures, and he obliged with a patient smile. Finally he climbed aboard *Sonic Wind No. 1*, and four men began the long, complicated job of strapping him in.

Somebody handed the colonel a rubber bite-block, and he shoved it between his lips; it would prevent tongue-biting and tooth-fracturing. A specially designed crash helmet was fitted over his head and adjust-

ONE MAN'S MEAT . . .

Colonel Stapp won his gamble. How many of us would be willing to make such a gamble? Can you imagine a New York banker accepting a ride on Stapp's sled with the idea of determining whether or not his eyes would be destroyed? But I suspect that Stapp cannot understand the superhuman patience that allows the banker to spend all day, every day in the same office, looking at figures about the same kind of stocks. The Stapp type of personality is no more capable of facing that mind-destroying grind of routine than the banker is of facing that body-tearing demon Colonel Stapp lovingly labors over.

John W. Campbell, Jr., in the *Saturday Review* (12 May '56).

ed firmly on his shoulders; a jaw guard was secured across his chin. One of the men looped a four-ton-test nylon belt through the strap eyes. He pulled the colonel's head back tightly against a rubberized-hair pillow mounted on a metal headrest, and anchored the belt to the tubular steel framework behind the seat.

Stapp's chest was pinned back tightly with more nylon webbing. The lap belt was fastened; an inverted-V harness anchored his thighs. His knees and ankles were strapped hard against the metal chair base. A strip of webbing was

passed around his elbows, drawing his arms back and close to his sides, and secured to the chair's rear framework. His wrists were lashed tightly together in front of him.

By the time the men were certain that every safety precaution had been taken, the loud-speakers were bellowing, "X minus five minutes!"

At X minus four minutes, the thick plexiglas helmet window was clamped into position over Stapp's face. Then the colonel was left alone as the men who had been attending him ran for the protection of the blockhouse. The 12-channel telemetering transmitter at Stapp's feet was being fed from a battery. His only sense of communication with the world of people was a pair of thin wires; in a few minutes even they would pull away as he became a catapulting test specimen for humanity.

At X minus 30 seconds, twin red flares shot high into the lifeless gray sky. The launch-panel operator in the blockhouse felt his palms grow cold with sweat. Soon he would start the countdown from ten seconds. It was now X minus 15. He swallowed excitedly, steadied his voice: "X minus ten seconds . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . ." He slammed shut the switch and called "Fire!" simultaneously.

A volcanic blast of smoke was immediately stabbed through by swords of orange-red flame as nine

powder rockets ignited with a great hissing roar. The sleds shot forward as if exploded from a cannon. Like a single flaming shell they screamed down the track. Overhead, a Lockheed T-33 that had been flying a few practice passes, to be ready to observe the run, pushed into full throttle at the sled's explosive start and raced above the track. At 500 mph the plane's turbojet engine kept it in the lead for three seconds. Then the plummeting shoebox caught up and shot beyond it.

Stapp was not noticing airplanes. The first surge of rocket power from the sled behind had slammed the chair against his back, shoulders, and head, despite the tightness of his harness. At the same time, it was as if he had shot head-on into a gigantic sledge hammer that smashed him closer and closer against the chair, ramming him into the seat with an inexorable steadiness of pressure that was crushing his breath, brains, muscles, bones—until he felt that he would never breathe or think again.

The landscape was leaping at him in a slashing, violent blur that abruptly narrowed to a strip of gray abstract tones and then vanished in blackness. He could feel the wind tearing at his shoulders like a pneumatic drill with teeth. He wondered if the electronic timing devices along the track were recording his speed at this precise instant. That made him realize that some blood must remain in his brain, because he was

thinking—even though the blood of his eyes had fallen away through its tiny vessels like liquid mercury dropping suddenly to the bottom of a thermometer.

The black screen before him was floodlighted for a moment with brilliant yellow, and he saw a vague landscape through it that almost immediately was splashed away by vivid reds. The rockets had burned out. He was entering the braking area, he knew. Rail friction plus wind resistance had already started the deceleration, throwing him sharply forward against the straps. Then everything exploded in a bright lacework of color and pain. The water brakes were taking hold.

The sledge hammer now swung into his back. His eyeballs snapped forward with a jolt and were caught by a mysterious force that steadily pulled them farther and farther outward until he seemed to feel their very roots draw loose. At the same time, his lungs were compressed in the same terrifyingly steady manner as he was jammed tighter and tighter against his chest strap.

But the pain in his eyes was most intense of all. It was a moment before he realized that the sled had stopped, because the pain hadn't. The color screen remained, shutting off his sight: it had only changed from bright red to pinkish brown.

"I can't see!" he mumbled weakly to himself. He waited, but nothing changed. He had considered the possibility of blindness as a result

of this sled run. Now he was thinking, "It *has* happened. I can't see. A part of me is missing, and I am too numb to realize fully what it means."

Four men were sprinting toward the sled. Two other men, in an ambulance, lagged slightly behind them as the driver engaged the gears and started off toward the track. Everybody else had to wait 250 feet away, until the all-clear was given.

Even as the first men to reach Stapp were fumbling with the nylon straps, one minute after the sled had stopped in a burst of wildly spraying water, a green flare was sent into the sky, and a crowd of men came running across the sands.

The first words anybody heard from Stapp were his almost inaudible murmur, "I can't see." His face was blue with shock.

"You certainly have a beautiful pair of shiners, John," said Major Simons, with forced cheerfulness. They placed Stapp on a stretcher and Simons checked his blood pressure and pulse rate. The colonel seemed to be o.k. physically. Even the pain in his eyes had subsided.

They carried him toward the ambulance. On the way, Stapp noticed little flecks of blue sweeping across the pinkish brown blur of his sight. It was very pretty, he told himself, but he wasn't sure if it was a good or bad sign. With his fingers, he pushed back his eyelids as far as they would go: he still could see no more than blank color patterns. His

half-dazed thoughts tried to be reassuring: "Well, a man can get around, at least, if he can see just a little."

Twenty-two minutes after the run, when the ambulance pulled up before the base hospital and Stapp was lifted out, he recognized the blue flecks as sky. The morning had begun to clear, and patches of blue were showing among the gray clouds. Stapp sighed deeply. His retinas had not been detached. "When the pieces of sky stuck together I began to feel a wondrous elation," he says. "The lights were turned back on again. I could see."

After a careful checkup, it was discovered that he required no medication except some soothing ointment and a piece of raw beef. Forty minutes after the run, he was eating a hearty lunch.

Apart from his black eyes (caused by rupture of small blood vessels from the impact of his eyeballs against his lids), he suffered only strap burns and a few blood blisters from flying sand. His sinuses were blocked for two days. These consequences weren't bad for a man who had sped along the ground at 632 MPH and braked to a stop in less than one and a half seconds: the equivalent of stopping on a dime while traveling at nine-tenths the speed of sound.

Stapp's next run will test the effects of abrupt wind blast, by ejecting a protective canopy away from his body at peak speed. It will be

made in a new sled that he calls "the tin lizard," much lighter than *Sonic Wind No. 1*, and with a long, raised, reptile-like tail of rockets. The new sled will be capable of speeds beyond 900 MPH.



I LEARN A LESSON IN KINDNESS

BY U. S. SEN. JOHN F. KENNEDY

In August, 1943, the PT boat I commanded was rammed and cut in two while attacking a Japanese destroyer. A week later, those of us who survived were managing to exist on a narrow Pacific reef, drinking rain water, eating a few raw coconuts, and wondering how it all would end.

At last we saw our first sign of human life, a native offshore in a canoe. Somewhat fearfully, he approached us. He spoke no English, but we carved out a message of our approximate position on a coconut shell, repeating over and over the name of our base—Rendova—and pointed east. With our message, hopes, and lives overloading his canoe, he disappeared over the water.

Next day, a large war canoe arrived, crowded with natives. They built us a shelter; they made us our first fire; they gave us food. Then they took me to another island, where a New Zealander "coast watcher" told me that our friend had come by, told him of our troubles, arranged for assistance, and left the same evening to row many miles to our home base at Rendova.

A PT boat came to pick us up the next day. In the stern stood our benefactor. He rode silently back to Rendova with us, smilingly shook hands as we got off the boat, then disappeared as silently as he had come.

We came from the powerful U. S., he from a jungle home in the islands. His people spoke a different language; their whole way of life was cast in a different mold. To us he had seemed strange, backward, almost savage. To him we were equally alien. Yet, these differences had not mattered to him—nor to us. The unimportance of differences among men can be strikingly apparent when life and death are at stake.

Perhaps our mysterious friend of the islands has forgotten us by now. But we will always remember him, and the elementary lesson in human kindness that he taught us one bleak day 13 years ago.

By Jhan and June Robbins
*Condensed from "Redbook"**

Should We Punish Parents of Delinquent Children?

A report on the experiences that some communities have already had

TWO YOUNG PARENTS came up before the judge of a small suburban town in California recently. It was not the first time. Their two sons, Jackie, seven, and Stephen, nine, had long been neighborhood terrors; now they were getting to the age at which they could do real damage. Two months previously, Stephen had taken a kitchen knife and slashed the tires of the grocer's delivery truck. Six months before that, Jackie had broken all the windows in a neighbor's greenhouse. Now they had been caught trying to smash parking meters on the town's main street.

The parents, both college graduates, protested once again, "We can't do a thing with them." But the judge was out of patience.

"I've lectured you and your two young rascals for the last time," he snapped. "There's only one thing that will teach you about parental responsibility. Turn your children over to the welfare authorities for the week end. You're going to jail.



And from now on, all the other lazy, irresponsible parents who let their kids run loose to wreck this town can expect the same thing."

Most of the people in that community nodded approvingly when they heard the news about the jail sentence.

It is a solution that is being offered often and seriously these days. Pass new laws or enforce old ones that will make parents legally responsible for their children's crimes. If a young boy goes on a tire-slashing spree or a little girl is repeatedly caught stealing trinkets from the local dime store, make the father or

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mother pay a stiff fine for failing to teach right from wrong. For more serious juvenile crimes, violence, arson, robbery, put the parent in prison.

Throughout the country, more and more people are worried because our attempts to find the causes and cure of juvenile delinquency do not seem to be making enough headway. These people may be warm-hearted and sympathetic toward kids in trouble, but they are also beginning to feel that we need a new "get-tough" policy with their parents.

Especially concerned with the problem are the young mothers and fathers whose own small children are just beginning to be influenced by outside contacts.

"We're working hard to rear good children and teach them right from wrong," one young mother told us. "It's heartbreaking to see their whole future endangered by the bad influence of a handful of youngsters whose parents just won't do their plain duty."

A father added angrily, "We have laws that make a man legally responsible for driving his car slowly, muzzling his dog, and even turning down his TV set. But when his own child commits a crime against society, the law doesn't do a thing to him. Does that make sense?"

An overwhelming majority of our citizens seems to favor punish-the-parent laws. Our interviews throughout the country confirmed a recent

American Institute of Public Opinion poll. The poll revealed that 86% of our population favors making parents responsible for their children's property damage.

In New Haven, Conn., we talked to one sweet-faced 75-year-old woman, grandmother of seven and great-grandmother to 11, who said vigorously, "Jail is the only thing some of them can understand!"

A young housewife in Washington, D.C., told us, "There is an eight-year-old who lives down the street who is driving us all crazy. He beats up the smaller children, disappears with their toys—even steals our milk and mail. His mother just laughs it off. I don't like to see anyone fined or put in jail, but if people have children, they just have to live up to the responsibility."

Authorities who back punish-the-parent laws are largely the men and women responsible for preserving law and order, or people who have devoted their lives to our general welfare rather than the troubles of the individual.

County Judge George C. Roane of Richmond, Texas, is a thoughtful and deeply concerned jurist. He favors punish-the-parent laws because, he says, they work when nothing else will. Recently, when an eight-year-old boy broke into a barber shop and smashed its contents, Judge Roane sent the child's 35-year-old father, an auto mechanic, to jail for six months. The fa-

ther had ignored previous warnings from the court to keep his son out of trouble.

Alderman Jacob Sellers of St. Louis also believes that stringent measures are necessary. He recently introduced a curfew law in St. Louis which provides fines for parents whose underage children are found on the streets after 11.

Firmly against the punish-the-parent laws are those who work intimately with delinquents. They are the social workers, psychologists, psychiatrists and some juvenile-court judges. Many of those people, it's true, feel that parents should be held financially responsible for the actual property damage done by their children. But they insist that laws for fining or jailing parents of delinquents will wipe out most of the gains that have been made in the past 25 years, and will result in more delinquency.

Dr. Viola Bernard, a prominent psychiatrist, and chairman of the Mental Health section of the Citizens Committee on Children of New York City, says, "Among the many destructive features of such laws is that they will increase the friction that already exists between many children and their parents. Such a law places a tremendous weapon in the hands of any angry child. If his mother and father attempt to discipline him, he can get back at them by committing some simple act of vandalism. And the parent who is already angry at his

child will take additional punitive measures when he has to pay a fine."

Sol Rubin, legal consultant of the National Probation and Parole association, told us, "Punishment of the parent makes clear to the child that, if he has done something bad, he has done only what his parent has done, something for which the parent is being punished. Perhaps, in the child's mind, punishment of the parent absolves the child of blame."

Other practical difficulties were presented to us. How, for example, is the court going to handle the mother who is obviously neglectful, but is an invalid and confined to bed for long stretches? Thousands of parents are alcoholics. They are not good parents. They undoubtedly contribute to the delinquency of their children. Should we jail the father?

These, then, are the major arguments for and against punish-the-parent laws. But we need the answer to an all-important question: in the states and counties where these laws have been tried, how have they worked out?

When all the facts of our investigation were in, one conclusion seemed obvious: *in every community where the laws have been given a steady, serious trial, they have failed.*

Punishing parents, we discovered, is not the answer to juvenile delinquency. It is true that under

certain conditions it may achieve limited, short-term, on-the-surface results. But much more often, it is useless, or does great harm.

The best example of a punish-the-parent program in action was a ten-year experiment in the Domestic Relations and Juvenile court of Toledo, Ohio. There Judge Paul W. Alexander heard more than 500 cases of mothers and fathers who had been arrested because they seemed to be failing as parents. Of these, 380 were convicted and 91 went to jail. The sentences averaged almost a year apiece. The rest were given suspended sentences, but they did not go free without a worry. The Domestic Relations court was known as a "one-chance outfit." Parents who got off knew that one more offense would send them to jail.

This is clearly the type of get-tough-with-parents program that is currently being advocated as a nation-wide remedy for delinquency. The Toledo court got tougher as the years went by. In 1937, only seven parents were prosecuted. In 1946, 118 were brought to court. Unlike the usual juvenile-court procedure, the cases were given full publicity by press and radio. The program, in other words, was given every chance to succeed.

Yet Judge Alexander, who presided, has concluded, "There is no evidence that punishing parents has had any effect whatsoever upon the curbing of juvenile delinquency

within the jurisdiction of this court.

"What we did accomplish was to break up their homes. We were forced to support the children in foster homes. We caused the fathers to lose their jobs and set these families back at least a year economically."

Although Judge Alexander punished parents more and more, he kept seeing more and more juvenile delinquency, and despite headlines in newspapers about the punishment waiting for them, the number of parents arrested continued to increase each year.

One 34-year-old father had been warned by the court to pay more attention to his 12-year-old daughter. The child had a record of theft, truancy, and vandalism. The mother was a semi-invalid. The father, a factory worker, ignored the court's warning, and spent little of his spare time at home. He was finally sentenced to six months in jail. The Welfare department had to support the family while he was away.

On his release, the first thing he did was to beat his daughter severely, telling her, "It was your fault I went to jail." Then he left the house. The girl ran off, was arrested in another city for attempting to engage in prostitution, and was sent to reform school. The mother was hospitalized. The father couldn't get his job back, and became alcoholic.

Were any of the children involved in the Toledo experiment helped or

reformed? Yes, says Judge Alexander, but only in cases where the court, in addition to hearing the case and passing out sentence, was able to step in and obtain social and psychiatric help for parent or child or both.

Meanwhile, Judge Justine Wise Polier of New York City's Domestic Relations court made an interesting discovery. In one type of case, that of the child who plays hookey from school, she observed that children of parents who were brought into court and fined for contributing to truancy are far more likely to become second offenders than children of parents who were brought into court on the same charges but not fined. The reason isn't hard to see. Parents, smarting under the sting of a \$25 fine, go home and take their anger out on the child, who responds quite naturally by getting into more trouble.

In Canton, Ohio, probation officers have nearly succeeded in persuading local courts to abandon the practice of punishing parents. Said one parole expert wearily, "Every time they handed down a stack of fines to delinquent parents, our case load of delinquent juveniles practically doubled!"

Authorities in Spartanburg, S.C., tried week-end jail sentences for delinquent mothers and fathers. They gave up the idea when social workers discovered that the stigma of having "jailbird parents" was doing further harm to problem children.

In San Francisco, in 1943, authorities started a much-publicized School for Wayward Parents. Parents brought into court when their children became delinquent were given the choice of going to school for eight weeks or to jail.

"Of course they came to classes," said one psychologist. "But it didn't do a shred of good. They were all too sore or too ashamed to learn anything."

Three years later, San Francisco changed the name of the school to Parent Guidance Center, made attendance voluntary instead of compulsory, and opened its classes to parents all over the city. The result: about one-third of the parents whose children land in court now sign up for classes and group therapy at the school. It's not as high a percentage as the courts would like to attract. But of those who do attend, less than 15% ever show up in court again!

We wish those who favor punish-the-parent laws had been with us when we talked to a bewildered young mother who had served a 30-day term in a woman's detention prison. Her ten-year-old son had been found wandering on the streets after midnight, and had been repeatedly caught threatening his schoolmates with a knife.

"My husband left me two years ago," she told us. "We had three kids. The oldest, my ten-year-old, was always a bad one. I never could do a thing with him. I wasn't sur-

prised when he got into trouble. But the two little ones were different. They were nice, sweet young ones—until I got sent to jail. When I was away, my oldest got in another bad jam with that knife, and this time the two little ones were with him. Now there's no hope for any of them!"

A Chicago court psychiatrist said to us, "There is a record of official disillusionment in every area where punish-the-parent laws have been given a really good try. It's hard to see why the idea keeps popping up.

"I think one answer is that all of us—professionals, court officials, and public alike—are frustrated and weary of wrestling with the problem. We all yearn for one quick, easy blow that will end it. Bringing up children properly these days is a very tough job. Most parents work hard and conscientiously at it. I sympathize with the way they feel when they see other parents apparently shrugging the whole thing off and letting society take the consequences. It's maddening. They would like to see a tough law slap these irresponsible parents down. I don't blame them. But it just won't work."

What will work? Although most of the juvenile authorities we talked to are strongly opposed to laws that would indiscriminately punish all parents, they believe that hauling "delinquent" parents into court is in itself sometimes a good idea. It depends on circumstances.

Consider this case. In a St. Louis suburb we talked to a worn, aging woman who was brought into court and fined \$25 because her 15-year-old son was found on the streets at 12:30 A.M. breaking the local curfew law. She was threatened with jail if she let it happen again.

"I'm five feet two," she told us. "I weigh 104 pounds. My son is over six feet, and weighs close to 200 pounds. My husband is dead. When I tell my boy to come home by 11 o'clock he just laughs."

In an Ohio court, on the other hand, we watched a stern judge deal with a sulky young couple who had left their seven-year-old son alone in their apartment while they went out night-clubbing. The child had awakened, and slipped into the apartment across the hall. There he had slashed upholstery, spilled ink, thrown eggs, and otherwise done hundreds of dollars worth of damage. Now the mother and father were being made to pay, not only for the damage done by their delinquent child, but also for leaving him unsupervised.

Obviously these two cases are entirely different; they definitely should not receive the same type of treatment.

As Robert C. Taber, director of pupil personnel and counseling in the Philadelphia public schools, says, "Court action is surgery. There are times when surgery is what is needed. But there are also times when it would be fatally wrong."

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Catholic Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us a letter; we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive, with the editors' compliments, a lifelong subscription to The Catholic Digest. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer follow.

THE LETTER

TO THE EDITOR: With reference to your invitation in THE CATHOLIC DIGEST to non-Catholic readers, there is a question of which I would very much like to have your explanation.

Even if my query does not merit your award, which I certainly would like, I would esteem your reply in either case. The query is this. Just recently in our daily press I saw the announcement that His Holiness the Pope intended in the near future to declare the Virgin Mary as the *only* mediator between mankind and God. Is this true?

I am a non-Catholic myself but

have been deeply interested in your faith for the last three years. I have all that time subscribed regularly to a Catholic paper, but have never seen any hint of this in your press, but neither has there been a denial.

If, therefore, it is true, on what does your Church base the assertion? It seems to me that it cuts out Jesus the Christ completely, and renders his self-sacrifice null and void.

He was the one who devoted his life and gave it for mankind, surely then *He* is the mediator?

I am, indeed, puzzled and, I admit, somewhat shocked, by it. I also feel this cannot be very good for your campaign of conversion.

I hope that you will be kind enough to enlighten me on this point.

Mrs. Gladys Cope.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

SOMEONE has made a mistake, Mrs. Cope. Your reporter has mistaken the Mother for her Son. It is not the Virgin Mary who is the *only* mediator between mankind and God; it is Jesus Christ, her only Son.

We do call Mary the Mediatrix

of all Graces. It is a title which stresses the intimacy of her association with her Son in that work which she brought Him into the world to accomplish: the redemption and sanctification of our souls. Some Pope someday may declare it a doctrine of the Church that Mary is the mediatrix, in this sense; most Catholic theologians already hold it to be certain.

But you may be sure, Mrs. Cope, that such declaration would not "cut out Jesus Christ completely." On the contrary, like all the mysteries and glories of Mary, it would add greatly to his glory, increase our love for Him, and draw us nearer to Him in profound adoration. Every doctrine of Mary is because of her Son, and for the sake of her Son.

Nothing is more distinctly Catholic than devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and it is largely because of this devotion that Catholics remain deeply convinced of the divinity of Christ, and vividly conscious of his humanity. We are able to understand Jesus better, because we know his Mother so well. It is easier to know and understand her than Him.

She is a human person—one of us. He is a divine Person. Of course, He does have a human nature, like yours and mine. But He also has a divine nature, entirely unlike anything we can ever imagine. A divine Person with two natures! How can we ever know Him

and feel comfortable with Him? Thank God, we have his Mother. She brought Him to us in the first place, and she takes us to Him, and teaches us to know Him—and to love Him.

The early Christians, those of the first five centuries, found their knowledge of Mary very useful in clarifying their ideas about Christ. Right in the beginning they simply took Christ and Mary both for granted. The vision, memory, and love of their Saviour so overwhelmed them that they did not stop to worry about the mysteries of his Person or his natures. Neither did they speculate about his Mother; she was simply there by his side, at the crib of Bethlehem, at the foot of the cross—and at the throne of heaven.

Never at any time did Mary occupy the middle of the stage; that spot was for her Son. But as those early Christians became more accustomed to the astounding fact of Christ's presence they began to inquire into the details of his Incarnation, his Person, and his natures. And it was then that Mary helped them to understand rightly and avoid mistakes. Against the Arians, the Nestorians, and the Monophysites she guided them, through the Councils of Nicea, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, until those early followers of her Son finally had a clear grasp of the full meaning of his divinity and humanity, and the union of his two natures in one person. And as their knowledge of

Him became more definite they understood her better, too.

After the Fathers at Nicea, in the year 325, had proclaimed the equality of Son and Father, it dawned fully on theologians that Mary was the Mother of a divine Person. The heretic Nestorius couldn't accept that.

So it became necessary for the Council of Ephesus to declare that she really was the Mother of God, *Theotikos*. And then again, when the full meaning of that term had dawned, there came further disputes about the distinction of the two natures of her Son. Another heretic, Eutyches, failed to understand that if Jesus had a real human Mother He must have been a real flesh-and-blood human being Himself. But the Fathers at the Council of Chalcedon understood, and they declared definitely that the two natures, divine and human, in Jesus were complete and distinct, even though they were united in the one identical Person.

There is considerable evidence that veneration of Mary began even in the time of the Apostles, and her praises grew more frequent as the Christian community grew. Early writers like St. Ignatius, St. Irenaeus, St. Justin, and Tertullian, made explicit mention of her, right after the time of the Apostles. We have a 2nd-century picture of her in the catacombs. And even such unreliable apocryphal writings as the *Proto-evangelium of James* show

how widespread was popular interest about her.

By the time of the Council of Ephesus, in the year 431, everything essential about the role of Mary had been firmly established as doctrine: there is only one person in Jesus Christ, and Mary is the Mother of that person; every privilege she enjoys, every title given her, and every honor paid her results from her divine maternity.

God's Mother is worthy of honor. He honored her Himself in choosing her from among all his creatures. We never forget the basic truth of our religion: there is only one God, and He alone is to be worshiped. But that does not mean that we are forbidden to pay reasonable, sensible honor to creatures. God explicitly commands you to honor your own father and mother. Is it then wrong to honor God's Mother?

From the beginning, the Church has given to Mary the highest form of honor that can be properly given to any creature. She is human, just as we are. We must never adore her; that is for God alone. But otherwise we cannot honor her to excess, because it is not possible to overestimate the privileges God gave her in making her his own Mother.

Most of the opposition to Catholic devotion to Mary results from a misunderstanding of the nature of that devotion. We do not try to deify Mary nor make her equal to

God in any respect. We simply honor one of our own human race, in imitation of God, who honored her first. We are trying to imitate Jesus Christ, who honored his Mother.

We hear complaints that there are too many Marian doctrines, some of which are not apparent from the Scriptures. They are all logical consequences of the divine maternity. First of all, there is Mary's virginity. The Gospels make it clear, as the Old Testament had foretold, that Jesus was born of a virgin Mother. The 5th General Council, in 553, and the Lateran Council, in 640, declared her virginity to be a matter of doctrine. It was a necessary consequence of her divine motherhood, since the only Father of Jesus was God Himself.

Early Doctors of the Church, like St. Jerome and St. Ambrose, upheld the firm and constant tradition of the Church that the virginity of Mary was permanent. This was simply a fitting sequel of her divine maternity, since Christians from the earliest times had found it repugnant that other children should be born from the womb made sacred by the divine Child. Besides, this seemed the only reasonable explanation of Mary's statement, "I know not man."

The Immaculate Conception is a doctrine found in the traditional interpretation of certain texts: Gen. 3, 15; and Luke 1, 27. Mary is called "full of grace," and the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception

simply takes those words without restriction. She was full of grace at every moment of her life: from the moment she began to live, from her conception. This privilege, too, is given her because of her divine motherhood: the flesh from which the innocent Body of Christ was formed should not be stained by sin. He who came to conquer sin was appropriately born of a sinless creature. Since He was God, He could keep her free from sin. So He did. Her sinlessness was the result of the Redemption; but it was by prevention rather than by cure.

The Assumption, defined by Pope Pius XII on Nov. 1, 1950, is the most recent formal doctrine of the Church. But it is far from new. It is found in early tradition, and was the first feast of Mary in the Church, celebrated since the 5th century. We don't find it directly mentioned in the Scriptures, but the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles do present the Mother of God as always closely united to her divine Son, always sharing his lot, especially in his fight against Satan, which resulted in complete victory over sin and death—two words always joined together by St. Paul. The Assumption follows from her sinlessness, and that was because of her motherhood.

We honor Mary as the Mother of Men, our mother. She conceived her Son by her own free consent. And by that consent she accepted Christ whole and entire, not only

the physical Christ, but also the mystical Christ. And we are members of Christ, as St. Paul says, part of the mystical Christ. So we, too, were accepted by Mary, at the moment of the Incarnation, as her children, spiritual brothers of her Son. Her consent and acceptance of us was ratified, in the full realization of its burdens, at the foot of the cross, when she united her personal sorrow with the sufferings of her Son for our redemption. We owe Jesus to Mary; and so, indirectly, we owe the grace of the cross to her. This grace makes us children of God. So she is, indeed, the spiritual Mother of all men.

I am not avoiding your question about the mediatrix. I have been trying to give it a background, so that my explanation will have more meaning. It is the common and explicit teaching of the Church today that every grace given to men comes to them through Mary. She is the almoner for her generous Son. She hands out his treasures, as a Mother's right. Being mediatrix is simply a Mother's privilege. She was intimately associated with her Son in everything pertaining to our Redemption and salvation while they were both on earth. Why should He change the order of things now that they are both in heaven?

Jesus Christ is the only mediator between God and Man. He brought God to us when He became man. He takes us back to God with Him through his redemptive grace. He permits us to understand something about God, first, by bringing God down to the human level, in the Incarnation; and secondly, by giving us a bit of divine intelligence, in Faith.

Mary, the mediatrix, brought Jesus to us, and brings us to Jesus. She permits us to understand Him, first, by making us realize how thoroughly He is one of us, as her own Son; and secondly, by reminding us that she, though human, is the Mother of God. Her Son is a divine Person.

No one who really understands Mary can misunderstand Jesus. But if we reject her, as many moderns have done, we will come to doubt the divinity of Christ, or the reality of his human nature, or the personal union between those two natures. Without her, we become confused about her Son, and if we are confused we may reject the true Christ. Let Mary, his Mother, lead you to Him, and teach you to know Him completely and to love Him intimately. That is the way to become a saint. And it is evident from your letter that you want to be a saint.

Prayer is not a monologue; it's a dialogue. The important thing is not just what *you* say, but what is said to you.

James J. O'Reilly in *Your Life* (May '54).

New Parts for Ailing Hearts

A young surgeon gives persons doomed by heart defects a new chance to live

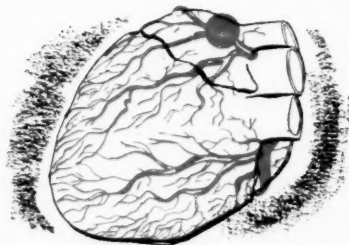
A FORMER PATIENT at Georgetown University hospital, Washington, D. C., tells about an acquaintance he made there, a little girl whose heart made a clicking noise that could be heard across the room.

"Why does your heart beat that way?" he asked.

"Because," she answered, "it beats for Dr. Hufnagel."

Many other persons, both in this country and abroad, could make that statement. Once they were dying because their aortic valve (controlling the flow of blood from the heart to the rest of the body) no longer worked properly. Now those people are alive because Dr. Charles A. Hufnagel, professor of surgical research at Georgetown, gave them a new one. He fashioned it himself—a little plastic cylinder with a tiny plastic ball that runs up and down inside, clicking as it goes.

Dr. Hufnagel, a slim, dark-haired, youthful surgeon, is the first man to have placed a moving device inside the human body to correct a heart condition. Six years of research preceded his first valve operation on a human being. Now, in



his tiny, crowded laboratory he is engaged in research that may lead to even more spectacular surgery.

Charley Hufnagel (Notre Dame '37) always wanted to be a doctor or a surgeon; his father in Richmond, Ind., was both. In his senior year at Harvard Medical school, young Charley decided to specialize on the heart, "because so little was known and so little was being done about it." Soon he was casting about for ways to repair the aorta.

The aorta is the body's main artery. It rises out of the heart, makes a little horseshoe curve, and descends through the chest and the trunk. Vessels branch from it to all parts of the body. The most critical point in this system is the aortic valve. With every beat of the heart, this valve opens, lets half a cup of blood into the aorta, and then closes so tightly that not a drop can flow back.

Rheumatic fever and some other diseases, however, can cause the

valve to become so thickened that it will no longer close properly. Then half the blood that is pumped out of the heart may flow back in. The heart strains to meet the increased burden, but the circulation grows worse. This condition, known to doctors as aortic insufficiency but commonly called "leaky heart," can greatly shorten life.

Hufnagel found that he could repair bad sections of the aorta by splicing in new ones. Later, he wondered if it would not be possible to do something about the aortic valve, as well. Why not insert a mechanical substitute just a few inches away from the heart?

He experimented with different kinds of plastics, looking for one that wouldn't cause the blood to clot. He found it in the familiar lucite, or plexiglass. Then, using dental drills and buffing tools, he fashioned the plastic balls, which he fitted inside some pieces of specially shaped tubing.

His first patients were dogs, a long series of them, beginning at Peter Bent Brigham hospital, in Boston, in 1947, and continuing at Georgetown in 1950. Finally, in 1952, he felt himself ready to perform his operation on human beings. Because the operation was such a dangerous one, however, he suggested it only in almost hopeless cases. The first patient's heart proved to be so bad that he died before the valve could be inserted.

Then came Martina Hall. Mar-

tina was an attractive young practical nurse. As a child, she had suffered from rheumatic fever. Now, she felt very tired all the time and her chest hurt. She could not walk a block without having to gasp for breath. For many months she had had to stay at home.

In the summer of 1952 she had a chest X ray, which showed that her heart was enlarged. The doctor told her that her heart had been so badly damaged by rheumatic fever that she had perhaps a year to live.

Shocked, she went to Georgetown, where the doctors confirmed the bad news. But they offered hope. They told her about the new valve operation. It might not work, they said, but it was her only chance.

On the morning of Sept. 11, Dr. Hufnagel made an incision in the side and back of Martina's chest and exposed the aorta, a grayish-white, pulsating tube. He clamped off the blood flow and removed a small section of the vessel. In most people, the artery at this point is more than an inch in diameter; Martina's was about three-fourths of an inch.

From several artificial valves of different sizes, Dr. Hufnagel selected the smallest, and gently inserted it into the artery in such a way that it connected the two cut ends. Then over each end he closed a nylon plastic ring to hold the walls of the artery to the valve cylinder. He tied the rings and

slowly removed the clamps. People in the operating room now heard a steady click-click-click-click. As the blood coursed through the aorta, it pushed the ball away from the end of the little tube. Click! The ball came to rest in the middle and the blood flowed around it and out the other end. Then the blood pushed the other way. Click! The ball rolled back and shut off the end of the valve on the heart side, where there was no passageway around it. Click! It rolled back and let blood from the heart come through. Click! The valve closed. Click! It opened. And so on.

Martina was walking within three weeks. She was out of the hospital within a month. She took things easy until February, then came to work at the hospital as assistant to the chief X-ray technician. She stills holds this fulltime job. She also attends a secretarial school three nights a week, runs her own apartment, goes to parties, has fun.

The clicking? Listen, and you can hear a sound like that of a busy clock. At first, before the body covered the valve with fibrous tissue, the clicking was quite noticeable. But Martina, living with it, never hears it unless she thinks about it. She does that once in a while, for the reason that she not only lives with that clicking but also because of it. "It's a pleasure to hear it," she says.

Since the operation on Miss Hall, Dr. Hufnagel has placed artificial

valves in some 125 other persons, ranging in age from 16 to 60. In most cases, the operation has been a last resort, and some have died. The majority, though, have been restored to health.

But the busy young surgeon isn't satisfied. The ball valve is about 75% efficient. If a similar device could be inserted right in the heart itself, he believes he could give people suffering from aortic insufficiency a valve just about as good as a healthy natural one. He's working on such a project now.

One day a middle-aged contractor from Florida arrived at Georgetown. In his business he had to walk a great deal, but recently a severe pain had developed in his legs. For some months he had been able to take only a few steps at a time.

The X ray showed an occlusion (obstruction) in the lower part of the aorta, just before the point at which it divides to carry blood to each leg. The contractor's trouble stemmed from hardening of the arteries, a fairly common condition in people past 50. Until recent years, doctors could do nothing for it.

Dr. Hufnagel operated, cutting out the damaged section of the aorta. The inside wall was so thick with hard deposits, like rust in a pipe, that little blood had been getting through.

Then, from a number of arteries in the hospital's blood-vessel bank, the surgeon selected one of the

right diameter, snipped off a six-inch length, and sewed it into place. The operation took three hours. Two weeks later the contractor left for home, where he rested a month. Now he is back on the job. His legs, their circulation restored, no longer hurt.

Arterial grafting, giving the body a new section of artery to replace a damaged one, is less spectacular than the mechanical valve operation. But more people need arterial grafts, so this type of surgery has remained Dr. Hufnagel's chief interest.

To provide material for the grafts, he has helped establish several dozen blood-vessel banks, including the first one in the nation, at Peter Bent Brigham hospital in 1945. But it was at Georgetown that he developed the process now in general use for storing arteries.

To illustrate his method, Dr. Hufnagel will pull a glass tube from his coat pocket. Inside is what appears to be an eight-inch length of old, hard, cream-colored rubber hose. Actually, it's a section of an aorta, rapidly frozen, rapidly dried, and sealed in a vacuum. Thus treated, it will keep indefinitely. Just before it's used it will be soaked in salt water to restore its elasticity.

Three years ago Dr. Hufnagel sent a young technician, Lois Reed, to do some shopping in Washington's drygoods stores. She was looking for a heavy synthetic material with a strong, close weave, and she

finally settled for several yards of orlon.

Most people were buying the stuff for shirting, but Miss Reed took hers home, and, using the natural article as a pattern, ran up on her sewing machine an artificial artery for a dog.

Dr. Hufnagel had decided to experiment with orlon because of the shortage of good natural arteries. For successful transplanting, he explains, natural arteries should come from people who aren't much over 40, and nowadays not many people of that age are dying.

The orlon artery worked fine. So have arteries of dacron and of fiberglass and teflon; the last two being materials ordinarily used for insulating wires. Right now, 150 persons are walking around with a section of artery that's been stitched up by Miss Reed or Mrs. Hufnagel and sewn in place by the doctor.

Won't an orlon artery leak? No. In the body it "weeps" for a second, then carries blood just as well as a natural vessel. Grafted arteries eventually become mere frameworks. Whether they are natural or artificial, the body gradually covers them with tissue. "They will last many years," Dr. Hufnagel insists, "—longer, in fact, than the persons into whom they are put."

On a bookcase in Dr. Hufnagel's office at the hospital stands a bronze statue. It represents a horse tearing forward, spurred on by a young rider. It was presented to him in

1948 by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which that year named him one of the ten outstanding young men in the U.S.

Now 39, Charley Hufnagel keeps up a fast pace. Mornings he spends operating: aortic valve corrections, arterial grafts, and a variety of other forms of heart surgery. He performs as many as ten operations a week, including some at the Naval Medical center and Mt. Alto Veterans Administration hospital.

Afternoons he devotes to research. In addition to his work on blood vessels and the aortic valve, he has taken charge of a ten-year research project on tissue transplantation. Financed by a gift of \$100,000 from the Grant Foundation, the program will seek to grow animal tissues, such as the thyroid and the adrenal glands, the pancreas, the ovaries, in the laboratory. It will also seek new techniques for transplanting such organs from one animal to another.

The eventual aim is to establish organ banks just like the present blood banks and blood-vessel banks. Then, if you happen to need a new kidney, for example, you could get one. Many difficult problems stand in the way, but Dr.

Hufnagel believes they can be solved. "Some day it may be possible to give a man not only a new aorta," he says, "but also a new heart."

Sharing the bookcase with the speeding horse is another piece of sculpture, a lovely clay head of a little child. This represents Kathy Hufnagel, now ten, the elder of his two daughters. The artist: the doctor himself.

Sculpturing is his favorite recreation, but it's been three years now since he's done any. "And two years," declares his wife, a former nurse, "since he's had dinner with his family."

"He gets his exercise by walking," an associate puts in, "— up and down hospital corridors."

Charley smiles, and gives a little shrug. He is full of ideas, and eager to try them all. But he is also a humble, kindly person, determined to find time for all who need his help. So his evenings must be spent working.

"Among all your accomplishments," I asked, "of which one are you the most proud?"

He lighted his pipe. "I'm not proud of any one thing," he answered, "but just—that I have been able to help people."



The liner was pitching in a heavy gale when a girl, noticing a seasick-looking man standing by the rail, remarked to the woman beside her, "Your husband's a poor sailor, isn't he?"

"Indeed not," replied the woman sharply, "He's a rich farmer!"

Gossip Fun (May '56).

By Albert Parry
Condensed from "Harper's Magazine"

The Bored Revolutionists

*Soviet propaganda, powerful outside Russia,
is becoming a laughable failure at home*

AS THE IRON CURTAIN recently lifted a little and dozens of American travelers returned from their quick Soviet tours, the report spread that, contrary to American hopes, the average Russian firmly believes Soviet propaganda. On Sept. 5, 1955, a U.S. senator, speaking from Moscow, declared that in the nine days of his travels in the USSR he had seen no evidence of any real disaffection of the people.

And yet—four days before the senator spoke, *Pravda* sadly admitted—in small print, to be sure—that the communist evening "universities" in Marxism-Leninism had practically failed in their propaganda work. "Low attendance, high dropping-away of students, unfulfillment of the study plan" were noted in many schools.

Still more surprising, the Russian people are beginning to protest openly when official "messages" become tedious. At a Moscow metal plant in 1954, a propagandist read his talk from notes. "He read long and boringly," an angry group of his listeners protested to a newspaper. "Later we learned that Com-

rade Gusev prepared his text way back in 1952."

He had delivered it repeatedly at various gatherings. This time, the audience recognized the familiar words and, after suffering through it for an hour or so, began to yell, "Enough! Wind it up!"

In an equally daring mood, the humorous magazine *Krokodil* presented a wryly comic saga entitled *Neither Sleep nor Rest*, the story of a Soviet citizen who is unable to escape the thunderous roar of the official broadcasts, in his flat, on his vacation, even on the decks of a Volga steamer. As a loyal citizen, he concludes his sad tale with the assurance that he loves "symphonies, songs, actors, and lecturers." But there must be a limit to every good thing. "I beg of you," he cries, "do not loud-speaker me so fiercely into a perfect daze!"

The most frequent criticism is aimed not at the broadcasts' quantity, but at their quality. *Pravda* itself has joined the chorus of complaints on this score, citing in despair and derision the title of a typical talk, *Unity and Cohesion of the Ranks of the Communist Party*

and Its Leadership Is the Most Important Source of Strength and Fighting Preparedness of the Party.

In addition to being ponderous and often outdated—some talks deal with year-old events as if they were the latest news—much Soviet propaganda today is struggling under the further blight of absentee authorship. In Kishinev, Soviet Moldavia, a girl agitator was stumbling through a manuscript not long ago when one of the lights at the speakers' table went out. At once, the audience came to life. A gleeful giggle ran from row to row, "She won't figure out those words now. She didn't write it herself."

A propagandist in the Molotov region who used to learn newspaper editorials by heart and then declaim them word for word as lectures was asked one evening after his talk to explain an agricultural term he had used. "That," he replied blandly, "I do not know."

For all these reasons, propaganda audiences are becoming hard to collect, even in the most populous areas. In one district of Leningrad, out of 94 "political circles," only two finished the Marxism course. In the Kirish district, only 18 of the 289 young communists who enrolled for a propaganda class were with it at the end.

The Kremlin has blamed small-fry officials and propagandists for the present situation and has told everyone to keep on coming to meetings, classes, and club sessions,

implying that the propaganda will soon improve. But meanwhile, awkward reality has forced the commissars to change their decrees. On the first day of the current school year, *Pravda* announced the "curtailment of the number of lectures and seminars" in the fading Marxism-Leninism "universities." From now on such classes will be held only once a week "and the students will have a greater opportunity to study on their own."

In the provinces, propaganda work has been on an even steeper downgrade. Frequent newspaper campaigns to improve it have sometimes had unexpected results. A newspaper in the Novgorod region, for example, decided to demonstrate just how good a propaganda unit in a typical collective farm could be. It called on the proper Soviet authorities to choose the unit, and was told that Kolkhoz Victory's unit was "the best there is—they do not come any better." The editor sent his keenest reporters to get the story. To everyone's dismay, they had to settle down in the collective for several days—to teach the propagandists their trade from scratch before they could be written up.

Of late, the Moscow press has been noticing, with much alarm, that one of the consequences of this neglect is the growing success of church services, especially in the provinces. In the absence of really good communist clubs, of popular lecturers and shows, young and old

are frequenting the well-lighted churches, listening to sermons and choirs.

There may be good cause for the alarm. The Communist-party secretary of the Leningrad region has bewailed the fact that in his propagandists' talks on atheism there is nothing but "confusion and ignorance." Simultaneously, *Krokodil* announced that in the Vologda region old peasants were stumping the propagandists. To the argument that science refutes religion, the peasants replied with such bafflers as: "Take the great English scientist Newton. Why did he believe in God?"

These old men, observed *Krokodil*, are not afraid to "tackle even atomic energy." They have a biblical quotation for everything. "And in our library," a local communist was quoted as saying, "we lack not only books on antireligious topics. We don't even have brochures on such subjects. We did have some, but that was 20 years ago, and they are lost by now. And yet, you can't stop those old guys with such newspaper articles as *The Universe Is Limitless* and *Is There Life on Mars?*"

"Much help is needed here, and quickly," concluded *Krokodil*.

A great many of the attacks on propaganda in Russia are, of course,

the result of orders from above to criticize this or that as a safety valve—thus deflecting the people's resentment of other graver deficiencies and injustices. Some of the exposés are written by careerists trying to climb to higher jobs by knocking down their competitors. But some of the clamor is spontaneous and genuine.

No Soviet exposé, however, is honest enough to get to the base of what ails Soviet domestic propaganda. The truth is that by now both propagandists and their listeners or readers know too well the wide and awful gap between promise and performance in the Red regime. And in 1955, the final year of the 5th Five Year Plan, people could not accept the glowing picture of a classless, free, just life under the Soviet government as readily as some of them did in, say, 1918 or 1935.

Shortly after the 2nd World War, diplomat George F. Kennan suggested that the Soviet idea can be likened to a dying star. Its light is still strong at great distances from the star, but the star itself is on the wane. There is not much heat nor light left at the point of origin. What the Soviet press itself tells us of Soviet propaganda at home these days seems to bear out Mr. Kennan's statement.

The human race began with Adam. It is quite possible that it could end with Atom. Grady C. Glenn in the *Oglethorpe Echo*.

A Town Is Reborn

All South America is beginning to notice an amazing experiment in the Andes.

PROSPERITY IS AN excellent thing, no doubt. Most of the world's peoples could use more of it. But there are other things that are even more important.

Consider, for example, Mrs. Ana de Sabogal, of the Colombian village of Fomeque. Twenty-odd years ago, Mrs. de Sabogal was doing a thriving business in a murderous intoxicant called *chicha*. Today she still has her little shop, almost in the shadow of the cathedral. But she is happy to say that she sells nothing stronger than beer.

Mrs. de Sabogal's lack of concern about her lost income is typical of an attitude which has made Fomeque a shining example of Christian progress. For progress has come to Fomeque. The town's streets are paved with concrete, and, on market days, are thronged with late-model cars and trucks. Blocks of model homes climb the hill behind the business district. Modern schools, complete with drinking fountains and recreation areas, give courses in science and other practical subjects. The fine new hospital, to which a wing is being added,



would be appreciated by many a community in the U.S. The town is immaculately clean, and devoid of unsightly billboards and signs.

Most startling, however, is the fact that municipal records over the last 20 years show no trace of crime in Fomeque. During that time, 51-year-old Mayor Juan Domingo Fernandez will tell you, there has not been one homicide, theft, arson, or other major crime. Suicide is unknown; mental disease is so rare that no facilities have been developed to cope with it. Juvenile delinquency is unheard of.

Fomeque, Colombians will tell you with pride, is the place "where people would rather go to church than take even a glass of beer."

But in 1936, when Msgr. Gutierrez Jimenez arrived as parish priest,

Fomeque was at its lowest ebb.

"Drunkness was common," recalls Mayor Juan Domingo. "Drunk-en fights, too. The people had little to live for. Disease, death through malnutrition, and things like that were looked upon as acts of God."

Monsignor Gutierrez, born on a Colombian farm 59 years earlier, believed that he could change Fomeque. Since becoming a priest he had given much thought to the problem of helping rural peoples to help themselves. As pastor in five different parishes, he had put some of his ideas into action. In Quetame, one of the last, he initiated what finally became his Fomeque program "in a very imperfect way."

"Quetame was a poor town, a cow town," he says. "The people were divided politically. They were self-centered and materialistic. They did not realize that all their problems, political, social, and economic, were basically spiritual problems."

Education of the right sort, Monsignor Gutierrez decided, was the best way to make them realize this fact. To educate people, however, you need schools and teachers. That had been the problem in Quetame; it was now the problem in Fomeque.

"We must form a corporation," the monsignor told a group of the town's leading citizens. "A corporation can do what individuals cannot do by themselves. And it can be a catalyst for individual improvement."

Most of his listeners were skeptical. "The people here will not join anything, much less pay to join," one said. "They are too proud, too independent."

"If you tell them it is for education," another added, "they will turn their backs on you. They are not interested in education."

Monsignor Gutierrez called together another group. He explained his plan during Sunday Masses in the cathedral. In the months that followed, he visited the people in their homes and shops; he talked with farmers in their fields.

If they would form a corporation, he told them, they could destroy a way of life that was nothing more than a bad habit. They could move about in cars and trucks instead of on the backs of mules. They could have paved streets instead of muddy ditches. They could reduce the deaths from disease and childbirth.

But lack of confidence in his plan was so widespread that he could do nothing. Only the well-to-do would support it, and he knew that if he was to succeed he must have the support of everyone.

One day, the mayor relates, he called together a group of his well-to-do supporters. He spoke to them plainly. They liked his plan, he told them, because they understood it. They could foresee its benefits to themselves and to the community; they knew that a *corporación* was directed towards spiritual ends. But it would never come into be-

ing without the people's backing. The well-to-do would serve both themselves and the community by selling some of their land to farmers who had no land.

Thus, in time, all of Fomeque's people became landowners under the monsignor's land-distribution plan. And interest in the *corporación* mounted accordingly.

Meanwhile, on the side of a hill not far from the parish house, Monsignor Gutierrez had been raising cabbages, beans, carrots, and many other crops never before grown in the valley. He had been giving them away and serving them to guests at his own table. A number of farmers began to plant them themselves.

One morning the mother of a large family came to see him. In her hands she held a cabbage. "The priest who was here before you," she said, "talked to us about our souls. You, too, talk about our souls, but you realize also that we are human beings."

"And are you now a better human being?" the monsignor asked.

"I hope to be," the woman said, placing her cabbage in the monsignor's hands. "I will join your *corporación*. This is my first payment."

After a year the corporation had 6,000 shareholders. Some were large landowners, most were small. Those who were unable to pay a single peso toward the shares they had contracted to buy contributed

labor, or the sand, stone, and lumber available on their farms.

A new school was planned. By 1940, four years after Monsignor Gutierrez came to Fomeque, it was under construction. Today the school has both elementary and high-school students, 180 in all. A spacious athletic field stretches in front of it.

Behind the field is a huge auditorium. And in the cup of the hill that rises behind the school is an agricultural experimental station, with buildings for high-grade swine, and dairy and beef cattle.

Twenty-six schools, nearly all with chapels, have been built in Fomeque since Monsignor Gutierrez' arrival. One of them is a girls' normal school with 230 students. Twenty-four others, at key points along the valley, were built by the farmers themselves from plans provided by the corporation.

Roads have been improved and new ones built. Fomeque's shopkeepers undertook the paving of the town's plaza, and the farmers handled all grading and planting of flowers, shrubbery, and shade trees. They still do.

But the *corporación*, in which all of Fomeque's 15,000 inhabitants are now shareholders, undertakes many other common enterprises. It has just completed 19 new homes and is selling them on a rental basis to needy families. Under construction also are a new water-supply system and an electric plant.

The population is increasing. Prosperity has raised the birth rate, and a better knowledge of nutrition, sanitation, and child care on the part of Fomeque's women has lowered the death rate. In another 20 years the town will have doubled its present population.

The Fomeque achievement has won national recognition. The Colombian government some years ago voted the *corporación* an annual 10,000 pesos towards the furtherance of a "universal idea." The Department of Cundinamarca, in which Fomeque is located, has contributed an annual 14,000 pesos towards a scholarship fund.

Priests throughout Colombia have applied the basic principles of Fomeque's resurrection to conditions in their own parishes. In Sutatenza, north of Bogotá, Father Andres Salcedo is educating some 200,000 of his people by radio. He put up his own broadcasting station, and distributed receiving sets to groups of student listeners free of charge; later he placed hundreds of free radios in homes through a money grant from the Colombian government. Thirty teachers trained by Father Salcedo now give instruction in agriculture, home economics, geography, history, and other subjects over the most powerful radio transmitter in Colombia.

Father José Ramon Sabogal, whose parish embraces the huge Valle de Tensa, has already formed a corporation which is bringing

about many of the changes that distinguish Fomeque. Girardot, west of Bogotá, now has its own industrial trade school.

And Fomeque's light has reached far beyond the borders of Colombia. The United Nations' Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) has studied results achieved in such places as Sutatenza and is making known to all interested countries the techniques and methods used.

This year, as for many years past, priests from Mexico, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina, and many other Central and South American countries will visit Fomeque. They will talk to shopkeepers, to the farmers, to Mayor Juan Domingo Fernandez, and to the people like Mrs. Ana de Sabogal.

They will especially note—for Monsignor Gutierrez will make it clear to them—that the new seminary in which they study, as well as the new hotel in which they are living, was built by the *corporación*; that is to say, it was built by the people themselves.

Monsignor Gutierrez is 79 now, a gentle-voiced man of medium height with enormous reserves of spiritual, if not physical, strength. He teaches agriculture and history in the high school. When I last saw him in Fomeque he had a rake in his hands. Between classes, he was showing a group of students how to grade and plant a lawn for the new hotel.

The Dead Sea Scrolls and Our Faith

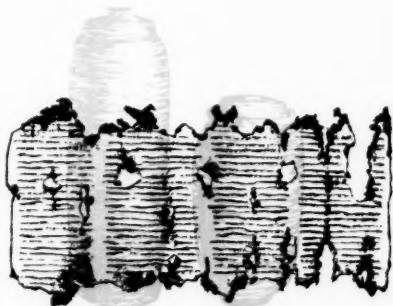
Christianity always survives
to bury its mourners

In 1947, Bedouin shepherds stumbled upon a mass of ancient Jewish manuscripts in a cave near Qumran on the Dead Sea. The scrolls apparently had originated in a monastery of a little-known Jewish sect of the time of Christ, the Essenes.

The scrolls have been a great help to biblical scholars, but they also have raised a serious question. Certain non-Catholic scholars claim to see similarities between the Essenes and the early Christians. The Essenes, they say, had a sacred meal, practiced community of property, believed in purification through water.

How original is Christianity? Mr. Sheed's answer to this question is based on the work of Father Graystone mentioned below.

VERY NOW and then, there is a flutter among the unbelievers, as a rumor drifts in from the barricades: all is up with Christianity at last. The causes vary: evo-



lution, Freudianism, communism, but the effects are the same. The faith of the non-Christians is profoundly shaken, books are hastily written warning the rest of us to get out while there is still time, the professors abandon us. The agnostics wail about how much the patient used to mean to them, and how they will miss him when he's gone. But somehow Christianity has always survived to bury its mourners.

The current controversy over the Dead Sea scrolls is the latest fatal attack sustained by Christ's Church; but it is beginning to look as if the funeral will have to be postponed. When the scrolls were first discovered and examined, the experts began shaking their heads again, and there was a general rush for

*840 Broadway, New York City 3. April-May, 1956. © 1956 by Sheed & Ward, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the handkerchiefs. For the scrolls appeared to prove, as one of them put it, that Christianity was a "neo-Essene quasi-formation"—and what could be deader than that?

Catholic scholarship, with its long experience of crises, has shown not the slightest tendency to panic. Perhaps, as Father Gravestone says in *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Originality of Christ* (Sheed & Ward, N.Y. \$2.50), the experts have been "a little premature." After all, Christianity is not recorded on a few scrolls; it is not a mere list of technicalities, rituals and Scripture commentaries; it is a religion with a living spirit. One of the more frivolous experts has suggested that those who claim to have some understanding of this living spirit should be debarred from the discussion, on grounds of bias. But the fundamental question must be this: is the spirit of Christianity the same spirit which inspires the scrolls? And to answer this it is necessary to know—not simply know about—Christianity. And for this, the only question that matters, most of the experts have come to us with empty hands.

The matter may be explained on two levels. First, there are the technical similarities between the Essenes and the early Christians. Many of the phrases of both groups are drawn from the common Judaic heritage. Some come from the Bible, others from the apocryphal books. Christianity did not set out

to invent a new religious language. Its object was to fulfill the Old Law, and infuse it with new meaning; it has never claimed originality for all its phrasing.

Then there are similarities of religious practice. Some of these, such as common prayers and sacred meals, can be associated with contemporary Judaism. Some are only apparent similarities. For instance, the Essenes are said to have gone in for baptizing with water; but in fact, although they seem to have washed themselves incessantly for this reason or that, they did not wash themselves for Baptism. An Essene was not purified in an instant by grace, but only by a lifetime of scrubbing.

But, for those who take their Christianity seriously, the second level of examination is the important one. What were the Essenes really trying to do? What was the object of their washing and their praying? For, a man can have more than one reason for washing his hands, more than one kind of prayer. Christians, above all people, are not saved by ritual alone—and, indeed, it is on this very question of ritual and its emphasis that Christ most decisively parts company with the Essenes. One of his chief objections to the Pharisees is the subordination of spirit to empty forms; and on this count, the Essenes must stand partially condemned, too.

The heart of the Essene belief is that while all Jews are chosen, some

are more chosen than others. While Christianity was an expansion of Israel, Essenism was a sharp contraction of it. When a novice joined the Essenes, his possessions were taken from him: not so they could be shared, but because the goods of any outsider were considered unclean. The small band of predestined "saints" sat in placid judgment on the rest of the world and found it damnable. With a terrifying spiritual fastidiousness, akin to their absorption with ritual, they condemned their enemies to hellfire,

and even added their own measure of hatred to Jehovah's. For all their good and creditable by-laws, that was the heart of the thing. And if anybody thinks Christianity came from that, he can hardly care much whether Christianity survives or not.

During the present season of excitement, there are many strange prophets, some of whom are saying that Christ came only to fulfill the Dead Sea scrolls, and other hair-raising things. But Catholics should find no difficulty in keeping calm.



IN OUR HOUSE

I was sitting with my family and some Protestant friends at our breakfast table last Easter Sunday morning, watching a televised celebration of high Mass from the cathedral. The celebrant had almost finished and was about to give the final blessing when our Protestant guests drew our attention to two women in the congregation. They had risen from a pew near the front of the church and begun to walk hurriedly down the aisle. The priest was just beginning the Last Gospel.

Annoyed, I cried out, "Get back there, you two!" I had hardly uttered the words when the two women, almost as though embarrassed by what I'd said, turned and retraced their steps to the pew they had vacated a moment before.

Margaret S. Brownlow.



Peter, our five-year-old son, has a knack for getting into mischief and generally making trouble. One morning, however, he had been exceptionally good. I made a point of complimenting him, adding, "So, you see, it's not so hard to be good after all, is it?"

Fifteen minutes later he was up to his old tricks, teasing his little sister. Suddenly he stopped, came up to me and said, "And something else, mommie—it's not so hard to be bad either!"

Mrs. Ferd Brauckmann.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Decoding the Cathedral

Medieval artists told cryptic picture stories in stone and glass

WHEN YOU take your trip to France, don't rush through the cathedrals as though they were railroad stations. Stop, see them—and listen to them. For the cathedrals have a story to tell to willing listeners.

Some of the actors in this story are quite familiar. When you enter a cathedral it is no surprise to see Christ enthroned above the door and flanked by the grimacing damned on one side and the chosen in all their glory on the other. Anyone, too, can recognize the tree and the serpent of the Garden of Eden depicted in a stained-glass window.

But these are old stories, well-known and often retold. A Gothic cathedral has hundreds of others. Its allegories, its hieroglyphics, and its strange scenes offer a fascinating volume which must be attentively decoded to be thoroughly enjoyed.

Decoding is not as difficult as it may sound: the writers of the book of a cathedral intended it to be read and understood by everyone. In the year 1000, a synod of bishops met at Arras, and proclaimed, "That which the simple and the ignorant

cannot learn from writings is taught to them in the church; they learn from images."

The vocabulary of cathedrals was defined by the Church once and for all, and no changes were ever permitted. The ABC's of this vocabulary begin as soon as you cross the threshold of a cathedral. Under the



Generosity of guilds is shown by many a window that they presented to churches. The scene was often taken from the everyday life of the guild concerned. Here, from Notre-Dame de Semur-en-Auxois, is a window given by the local butchers.

*551 5th Ave., New York City, and Paris and London, March, 1956. © 1956 by *Réalités*, and reprinted with permission.

arches of the door there is always a cluster of obscure figures not easily identified. But there are clues. The first is their feet: bare feet signify angels and Apostles entrusted with a divine mission on earth. The rank of angels can be read in the number of their wings. Two wings mean an ordinary angel. Six wings stand for a cherub; two wings and a sword, an archangel; and six wings and a sword, a seraph.

Every saint and every Apostle has his own symbol. It may be a scene from his life carved on the base of his statue or it may be an object in his hand (the keys of St. Peter or the baker's oven peel of St. Horatius, patron of bakers). More often, it is the instrument of their martyrdom, the cross of St. Andrew or the gridiron of St. Lawrence. There is little difference in the heads of the saints except for St. John, who is always clean-shaven, and bald St. Paul. There are other symbols which are not quite as personal: palm leaves generally mean a martyr and a roll of papyrus indicates a prophet. A book symbolizes a confessor of the faith (in a cathedral, it can be found in the hands of the virgin as well as in the hands of St. Peter).

There is also meaning to be read in the positions of these carved figures in relation to one another. Over the north door of the transept of the Cathedral of Chartres, for example, there is a procession of prophets and patriarchs. All of them,

from Melchisedech to St. Peter, bear the same mysterious chalice, placed there to signify the fulfillment of the Old Testament cycle of prophecies.

The symbol of a saint may often be an animal. There are, of course, the three animals of the evangelists: the lion of St. Mark, the calf of St. Luke, and the eagle of St. John. Then, too, there is the lamb of St. John the Baptist and St. Anthony's pig. But it is not quite as simple as all that. In other pages of a cathedral's book, these same animals become allegorical: the lamb represents gentleness, the calf, patience. Groups of images were also used by cathedral builders to convey ideas, much as primitive languages use groups of simple words instead of a single complex one. Alone, a lion stands for strength. With a half-naked man, the lion illustrates the story of St. John. But two lions flanking a man mean Daniel.

This medieval imagery which has survived in cathedrals is rich in exotic animals, such as camels, ostriches and elephants; and imaginary animals, such as the unicorn, the basilisk, and the dragon. The cathedral is a medieval work of natural history, but natural history is only one chapter in a much greater volume.

The builders of cathedrals were not satisfied with teaching the catechism. They also created encyclopedias, with subjects drawn

from the liberal arts and from natural history, including botany and astronomy. In their cathedral, the faithful saw Ethiopians with four eyes and Scythians with horrible ears. They saw Grammar teaching children and Music striking bells. They became acquainted with the wheel of fortune and the signs of the zodiac, with details of plant life, oak leaves, ferns, water cress.

It was perfectly normal for the objects and events of everyday life to enter the church and rub shoulders, in stone, with the eternal truths. There were grapevines in the bas-reliefs of Burgundian churches, and the student life of the Latin Quarter was recorded under the arches of Notre Dame.

Each age brought its own ideas to the French cathedral. The Christ of pre-Romanesque days was a beardless young man seated like a sage of pagan antiquity, for the influence of the Roman conquest of Gaul was still strong. Only during the era of Charlemagne was Christ first shown with a beard. In the 12th century, He was always portrayed in majesty. Beginning with the 13th century, He pointed to his wounds and He appeared erect in his glory. Then, in the 15th century, came the appearance of the face of the "compassionate Christ."

Cathedrals also tell the entire story of the evolution of medieval sensitivity, especially in the faces of the Virgin and Child and of Christ on the cross. At first, the

Virgin is stiff and formal, but then she gradually becomes more human, and a smile appears. The Child, originally merely a man in miniature, becomes the Infant Jesus. The suffering of Christ on the cross seems to grow with the passage of time. The impression of the collapse of a twisted body increases and the head slumps upon the shoulder.

To the creators of the cathedrals, the Old Testament foreshadowed the New. A striking example may be seen in the stained-glass windows at Bourges, where one window shows Christ carrying his cross and another directly below shows Isaac carrying wood for his own sacrifice.

Though the cathedral may have been an encyclopedia to its faithful, it was also a temple filled with mystic symbols. Some of these were simple, such as the halo, the triangle of the Holy Trinity, or the cross (from which the churches themselves took their shape). Others were more subtle, such as the symbolic practice of placing certain scenes at certain points of the compass. Often, a scene from the Old Testament lies at the north and a scene from the New Testament at the south, while at the west, where the sun sets, is the Last Judgment. Christ is always at the center.

During the Romanesque period, Christ was often shown surrounded by the symbols of the four evangelists: man, calf, lion, eagle. There is a second meaning in this image: the man stands for humanity; the

calf, a sacrificial animal, is the sacrifice of Golgotha; the lion is the Resurrection (in the Middle Ages, it was believed that lion cubs were stillborn and were awakened only on the third day by the roars of their father); and, finally, the eagle is the Ascension.

Simple or obscure, realistic or

abstract, the book of a cathedral is always moving. It bears a message; the artists who had to express this message drew upon the reality of their day for their images. The Church ordered this message to be eternal, and the artists succeeded. For the book of the cathedral has no ending.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

As a little girl, I was shy and oversensitive, partly because a childhood illness had prevented me from attending school regularly until I was 13. My mother did her best to tutor me at home, but, naturally enough, there were great gaps in my education, and I found the going very hard when my health at last improved enough for me to go to school.

For several years I floundered hopelessly along, falling farther and farther behind and growing more discouraged every day. My anguish was the more acute because I really liked school work and hoped someday to become a teacher.

Then, at 16, I got a break; I drew Sister Helen for Junior English. She was one of those rarely gifted teachers that everyone remembers from some period in life—brilliant, understanding, kindly. The many things she did for me, the long hours she spent helping me outside of class, would make a long story. What's most important is that she gave me confidence in myself.

Thanks chiefly to her, I won a medal for composition, was graduated the next year with honors, and was named valedictorian of my class. After commencement, I went back to see Sister Helen and tried feebly to thank her for all she'd done.

"Forget it," she said. "I owe your family this, and much more."

I was too astonished to speak, but she went on, "My parents died when I was only ten. In those days I was a little like you used to be: shy, oversensitive, all at sea. It was your aunt (the one that's a nun) who took my sister and me into her Mother House, where we were lovingly cared for and educated. And your father, a single man at that time, helped buy our clothes and books. So, you see, it is largely to your family that I owe my most precious possession: my Religious vocation."

Mrs. V. Maloney.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Contributions for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Amram Scheinfeld and T. F. James
Condensed from "Cosmopolitan"

Our Changing Human Bodies

Today's kids are bigger than their parents were before them and become adults sooner



OUR BODIES ARE changing. Particularly here in the U. S., a new type of human being is evolving, different in size and shape from any ever before seen on earth.

As early as 1908, the late Franz Boas of Columbia university reported surprising increases in height and changes in body proportions and head shapes among the children of immigrants as compared with their parents. But equally surprising changes have been found in old-stock American families. For example, the height of the average male student at Harvard university has increased three full inches since 1906, from 5'-7½" to 5'-10½". And at Amherst today the average freshman is 2½ inches taller and more than 20 pounds heavier than his 1901 predecessor, although he is a full year younger.

Perhaps most startling is a study made by Dr. Edward O. Newcomer

and Dr. Howard V. Meredith of a group of 15-year-old school boys in Eugene, Ore. With much of their growth still to come, these boys averaged 5'-8", a half-inch taller than the average full-grown American soldier of the 1st World War.

Scientists have discovered, besides the increase in height, changes in body proportions. Comparing individuals of the same height, past and present, they found that shoulders are relatively broader, legs longer, hips narrower.

One practical effect of these changes is the need for a complete overhauling of our school equipment. In a recent report sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education, the University of Michigan, and the National Service institute, Dr. W. Edgar Martin said, "The physical changes in our school children have been sufficiently large to invalidate

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. April, 1956. © 1956 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

sizes and proportions of school desks, shop benches, shelves, sinks, toilets, drinking fountains, and playground equipment."

But the impact of our body changes has gone much farther than the schools. Dr. Dale Stewart of the Smithsonian institution, in Washington, D. C., says, "We are getting a steady stream of requests from manufacturers for new measurements which will help them in redesigning furniture and other home and office equipment. There is a growing recognition that old proportions no longer provide comfort and efficiency."

Dr. Stewart also reports a projected study for the clothing industry, to develop new standards adapted to our changing sizes. Clothing manufacturers report a growing demand for the larger sizes, and (reflecting changes in proportions) for longer sleeves in shirts, and "long ovals" in hats.

Our girls, too, have been growing bigger. Smith college reports that its girls' average height has increased from 5'-2.9" in 1897 to 5'-5.3" in 1949. Other girls' colleges report similar gains.

For the country at large, impressive proof of the growing army of tall girls is the new nation-wide Lane Bryant chain of "Over 5'-7'" shops. George Palley, the chain's general manager, emphasizes how recent the women's growth spurt has been. "The age range of our customers is from 15 to 35," he

says, "because it is mainly in this younger bracket that the big increase in height has shown itself."

Is there a scientific explanation for what has been happening? Certainly, improvements in health and diet have had much to do with the growth spurt of our children and their earlier maturity, just as better soil, fertilization, and care produce bigger and earlier-maturing plants. Prof. Clarence A. Milles, University of Cincinnati, says, "Behind the widespread stature increase of American youth lie two factors of major importance. 1. The general reduction in illness through infancy and childhood, achieved by more scientific feeding practices and a curtailment of communicable diseases. 2. Improved distribution of vegetables and fruits at all seasons to all regions."

But many scientists question whether this is the whole answer. Dr. Shapiro points out that the phenomenon has occurred in too many diverse places to be attributed solely to nutrition or living conditions. "Some of the tallest families in the U. S. are found in some of the most backward regions, such as the Ozarks and the 'Tobacco Road' sections of the South. While it may be claimed that these people come of tall stock, they are still taller than their European ancestors, despite very bad conditions."

Some scientists think that one of the causes might be the warming of the earth's climate. Others think

that an increase in cosmic radiation has been an influence. Still others, including geneticists, see the possibility that as-yet-unknown external forces have caused our "growth" genes to become more active. However, there is very little likelihood that actual changes in the genes themselves could have occurred on a large scale in so short a time.

Still, regardless of environment, not everyone can look forward to being more than six feet tall, because there always will be inherited differences in the growth potentialities of persons in different families and racial stocks. And, generally speaking, even if a person has inherited "tallness" genes from one parent and "shortness" genes from the other, the genes for shortness will dominate. Short parents, however, may be carrying hidden tallness genes, and so will sometimes produce tall children. Many short persons, particularly those of immigrant stocks, were reared in poor environments and had their growth potentialities stunted. Thus, among many second-generation Americans, it is common to see boys six inches taller than their fathers.

But what, you may ask, does this remarkable change in our stature mean to me? A great deal. Besides influencing the new trends in business and industry which we have noted, our changing bodies raise a host of problems that touch you and me.

Two of these problems are

strength and stamina. While the combination of rich diet and sedentary living in the U.S. makes for growth, there is real danger that we may be breeding a race of flabby giants, who, in the long run, may not be so healthy nor live so long as shorter but sturdier people elsewhere. Last year, American youngsters made shockingly low scores, in comparison with European youngsters, on a series of physical-fitness tests given by Dr. Hans Kraus, a New York university expert. Testing our youngsters for strength and flexibility of abdominal, back, leg, and hand muscles, Dr. Kraus found that 50% of them failed to measure up to the minimal requirements, as compared with less than 10% of the Europeans. The scientist laid the blame for this on our push-button way of life.

Life expectancy is another problem directly connected with growth. Prof. E. W. McHenry, of the Department of Public Health-Nutrition at the University of Toronto, points out that our greater and faster growth may adversely affect our life span. It is known that marked acceleration of growth in animals tends to shorten their lives and that extreme gigantism in humans usually results in an early death. Robert Wadlow, the Alton, Ill., giant, tallest of all humans known to medical science, reached a height of 8'-11" and was still growing when he died in 1940 at the age of 22.

However, such extreme growth is

almost always due to derangement of the glandular system, usually overactivity of the pituitary gland. Other scientists point out that some seven-foot giants are able to hold their own in a grueling basketball game, and that there is no apparent reason why they should not have an ordinary life span.

Nevertheless, if stature goes beyond a certain point, there is a definite possibility that bodily efficiency and life expectancy will suffer, to what extent we cannot know until many more years have gone by and the health of our current crop of "giants" has been appraised.

Another problem of major social significance stems from the fact that with acceleration in growth, our children are achieving puberty much earlier, from a year and a half to two years, on the average, than did young people of previous generations. This change helps to explain our youngsters' earlier interest in the opposite sex, and their desire to date and go steady long before their parents did.

Too many mothers and fathers tend to judge such conduct by the standards of their own generation, failing to understand that, physically, their children are several years ahead of what the parents were at the same age. Parents need to realize that they are dealing with conditions which nature, and not just "the social trend," has brought about, and they should be prepared to give

advice on sex which will make sense to younger minds.

Dr. Peter Blos, a New York psychoanalyst, has made an analysis of other effects of earlier maturation and stature increase on the thinking and behavior of our young people. Dr. Blos's experience has led him to conclude that the adolescent boys most affected are not, as a rule, the tall ones, but the ones who are under six feet, the new desirable norm. The boy who is short by present standards develops a sense of inferiority and insecurity, and is more likely to become a juvenile delinquent.

However, by way of reassurance, this may be said to these boys and their parents. 1. Don't become pessimistic too soon. Growth rates vary sharply among individuals, and often a shorty at 12 years may turn out to be a six-footer at 20. 2. Few American boys today turn out to be so short that their size should interfere with their adjustment, unless they already have other emotional difficulties. 3. Should lagging growth be traced to glandular upset, dietary or vitamin deficiency, or some other internal condition, medical treatment may help.

As for girls, Dr. Blos reports special problems arising from the fact that the average American girl today is the earliest maturing girl on the globe. For one thing, the earlier maturation comes at a time when a large percentage of girls would ordinarily be in the tomboy

stage, and there may thus be a conflict between wanting to be a tomboy and wanting to be a woman. On the whole, however, Dr. Bloss feels that earlier maturation has probably contributed to an increase in femininity.

However, the very tall girl is still a big problem to herself, because, though the average height has increased, the very tall girl is still in the minority; and, since the rule holds that a girl's male partner must be taller than she, the tall girl has far fewer men to choose from than her shorter competitors.

Boy-girl relationships are also affected by the fact that girls usually mature about a year and a half ahead of boys. Thus it is normal for the taller girl to cold-shoulder the shorter boy of her own age, and for the boy to feel upset about being dwarfed by her. Wise parents are quick to give counsel when Sue and Junior are upset by this problem.

The tall boy may come into conflict with his elders because they expect too much of him. The tall girl, too, makes this complaint. But

there is a two-edged psychological sword at work here, and this brings us to perhaps the most subtle of the problems our changing size has created. A long tradition in literature, language, and custom has connected the finer human qualities, courage, nobility, leadership, with the tall and stalwart type.

The tall, 15-year-old boy, schooled to think that size means superiority, may look down on his shorter father. The 15-year-old girl, taller than her mother, may feel that she needn't accept advice on sex and dating. Ironically, the parents, too, are trapped and confused by this size-oriented thinking. Many a modern father is uncertain when to treat his strapping son like a man and when like a child.

We ought to de-emphasize tallness as a virtue and to look at size in a sensible way, keeping a firm grasp on its many implications. If we do, there is no reason why we cannot maintain our emotional balance and physical health, even though the human body is undergoing the most remarkable change since the dawn of history.



NOT WITH A BANG BUT A SPEECH

A noted politician was taken aback when he received the following invitation from a citizen of his district: "We should like very much to have you make the principal address at our local Fourth of July celebration. The program will include a talk by the mayor, a recitation of Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address* by the president of our high school's senior class, your speech, and then the firing squad."

The invitation was declined with thanks.

Boys' Life.

The Last of the Conquistadors, Junipero Serra

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THE LIFE of Junipero Serra is one of the most extraordinary sagas of America. Father Serra carried neither gun nor knife. He was lame from an ulcerated leg, yet he walked untold thousands of miles in his 35 years in the missions. The night stars were familiar to him, and the burning sun of the desert and the thin air of the austere mountains.

Father Serra brought the wonder of the California missions into being. You see them now, a rosary of salvation stretching from San Francisco to San Diego along *El Camino Real* (King's Highway). They are the dream of one man projected into living beauty against incredible odds.

Space was against Serra. Distance from Spain and Charles III. Distance from Mexico and the viceroy. Distance from supplies. Distance between the missions and headquarters at Monterey. Distance from the spiritual consolation of his fellow friars. Weary feet were always asked for one more effort on the road where the throbbing pain in his leg many times brought Father Serra to

the door of death. Always he was happy to get back to Monterey.

You can judge his life as you visit Carmel today. His bed of plain planks without mattress is there; the stone he used to beat his breast; the big crucifix he held folded in his arms in the scant hours of sleep. This was how he took his ease at home in Carmel, between the letter writing, accounts, sorting of missionary supplies, and the thousands of demands on him as mission prefect.

Not the least of his handicaps were the governors sent out to rule the mission territory: Fages, Rivera, Neve, and Fages again: brutal, black-jowled soldiers, paunchy with good living. To them the Indian men were beasts of burden; the women invitations to lust. Soldiers lassoed the women like wild cattle and shot their protesting husbands. Mission funds were looted as they passed through overringed fingers of the king's captains.

There were other heartbreaking obstacles. Friars who wore the Franciscan cowl schemed to replace their prefect; criticized every move he

made; threw cold water on his achievements.

The Indians themselves did not live up to Father Serra's dedication. They were often lazy and fickle: open to the corruption of gold and power. Yet, among them were honest and talented men who loved beauty. How else would one know the delicious façade of Santa Barbara; the moving paintings and altars of a score of churches; or the gardens of Capistrano, loved by the swallows and the doves?

The clacking looms, the vineyards heavy with grapes, the fields of grain stretching to the horizon, the limitless pastures trodden by the feet of innumerable herds, the bullfights and fiestas in the plaza, the rich pageantry of saint's days—these are gone, and only the shadows of their beauty remain in the gracious buildings and flower-filled gardens.

They are there because Father Serra was a towering man and a saint. He fought the governors to a standstill with charity and truth. The Indians grew to revere him for his tender heart and holiness, his absolute justice always spilling over into love.

It is to this beautiful and soul-stirring story that Father Omer Englebert has turned his rich talents. In the libraries of Mexico he found a wealth of Serra letters never before uncovered by the scholars and poets who have set down the illuminated record of Serra's life and

achievements. Father Englebert's book promises to be definitive. It is a book for the years; an ornament and a treasure in any library.

Now at last it is all clear: the depth and breadth and altitude of this wonderful disciple of the seaphic St. Francis. The whole mission story comes alive in a wealth of detail, often in the words of the great Father Serra himself, as in the letter he wrote to his friend Palou on the founding of Monterey.

"The altar was set up under the same oak beneath which Vizcaino's chaplains had celebrated Mass 167 years before," he wrote.

Reading Father Englebert's many glowing pages, you will echo the words spoken at the unveiling of Father Serra's statue in Washington, D. C.

"This man, whose memory is indissolubly one with the epic of California, was great in his humility.

"He triumphed by his courage, when everything would have appeared bound to discourage him and beat him down.

"He is one who is worthy of first place among the immortal heroes who created our nation.

"So his memory will never die, and his name will be blessed from generation to generation."

The Last of the Conquistadors is published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City (400 pp. \$6—to Book Club members, \$2.95). See Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on page 1.

NUNS SHOW

How To Do-It-Yourself

Building costs being what they are, a group of 18 Carmelite nuns in England found themselves in budget trouble recently when they decided to move their convent from Hertfordshire to Presteigne in Radnorshire.

The new site, on the Hereford-Radnorshire border, already had one main building, but it was not large enough to accommodate the Community. There was no chapel, cloisters nor cells in their new abode. Necessity being the mother of invention in such a predicament, the versatile Sisters decided to do the enlarging job themselves.

Quite unperturbed by the fact that they were completely inexperienced in building technique, the Sisters invested six shillings (eighty-four cents) in a bricklaying textbook, and the remainder of their meager capital in tools. Two of the nuns, designated as Sister Forewoman and Sister Clerk-of-Works, were placed in charge of the project. They made a close study of the book. The

rest of the nuns placed themselves under their instructions. They put on burlap aprons and prayerfully began to build.

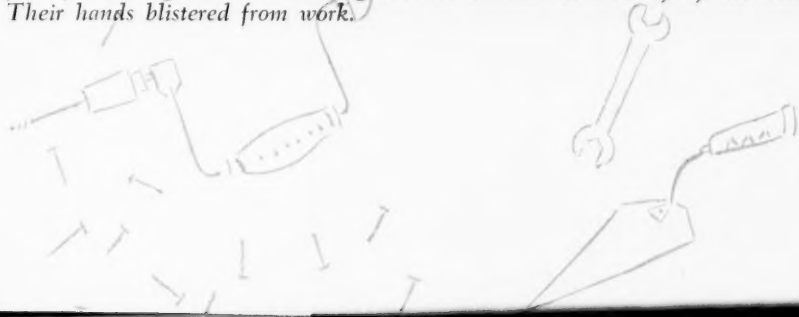
The work was arduous. The Sisters' hands became blistered as they wheeled heavy loads of bricks, wielded pickaxes, and sawed heavy timbers. But, as work progressed, their hands soon became hardened. Townspeople in Presteigne helped out on some of the more specialized work. But all the hard labor was done by the Sisters themselves.

A London architectural student, in Presteigne on a vacation, drew up the plans and gave them to the mother superior as a gift. A local plumber guided the Sisters through the intricacies of installing a plumbing system, and a builder taught them some of the bricklaying tricks not included in the textbooks.

The Sisters hope that their task will be finished two years from now. "We only wish we could have afforded a cement mixer," the mother superior said wistfully.



Job of wheeling bricks to building site was carried out ardently by the nuns. Their hands blistered from work.





Lack of funds didn't deter the Carmelite nuns from building a chapel. Here, three work on roof.

This Sister plasters wall of new sacristy. None of the Sisters had any previous building experience.



European Picture Service photos.



All nuns pitch in when there's a job like excavating a foundation for a new building.



Blueprint is consulted before work proceeds. Nun in charge was called Sister Forewoman.

People in the district gave the nuns skilled advice. Otherwise the job would have been even harder.



BY THE WAY

The door bell rang expectantly while the family was finishing dinner, and the "lady of the house" got up to answer it, remarking, "It's the Girl Scouts—they're selling cookies to the neighbors. For their summer camp or something."

"Or is it time for the March of Dimes?" asked the husband. The bell-ringer, however, was neither. He was a lad of grammar-school age. And he was a salesman—an accomplished one, too. Politely, he smiled, and quickly came to the point.

He had a product. One of the most important and powerful in the world. He was selling ideas—wrapped up attractively in the form of several well-presented Catholic magazines. Catholic teaching and practice told in articles, stories, sketches, verse, pictures. The link between kitchen, workshop, office—and the Faith, which successful people called saints lived by, and some died for.

He was in business, too, of course. Even church buildings cost money. So does marketing magazines. He didn't make anything personally from his sales—the profit went to his school to buy a TV set or an encyclopedia. But if he were top seller in his class he would get a camera or wrist watch. He upped his sales and also got people reluctant to take Catholic magazines to subscribe to them by including among his wares a few select general magazines along with the Catholic ones. His school got credit for these, too, and for the renewals.

The lady of the house wasn't sure whether it was the porch light or some other aura in which this earnest youngster glowed. He was learning to work, as any boy should. More important—he was learning to work for others. Most important of all, he was handling the only thing in the world powerful enough to control the hydrogen bomb, the guided missile, or Communism—truth.

*Fr. Brendan Mitchell, O.F.M.,
in "The Way of Saint Francis"
(May, 1956).*

